BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER, 1951 TWO SHILLINGS

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W.1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 43 No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1951

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Pink Camellias

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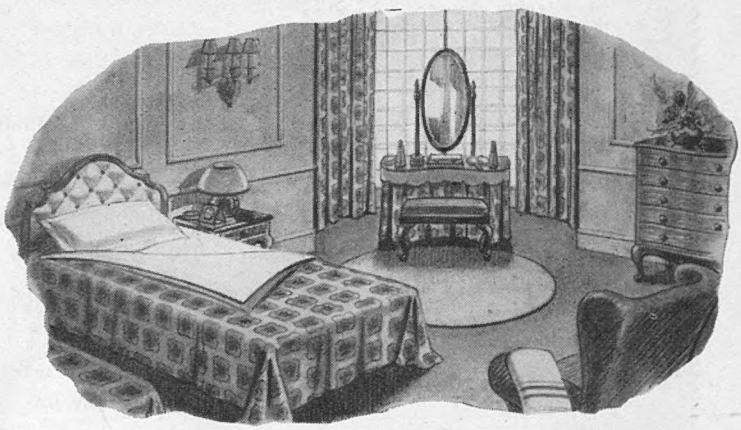

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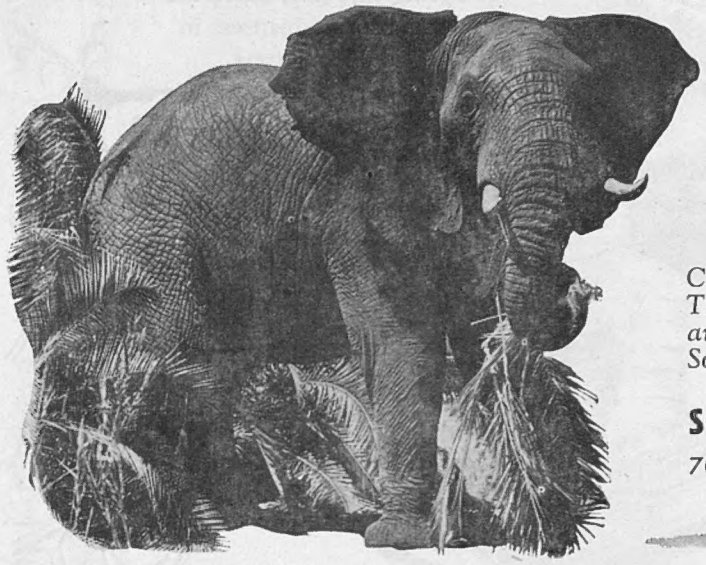

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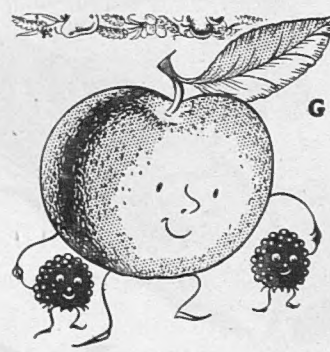
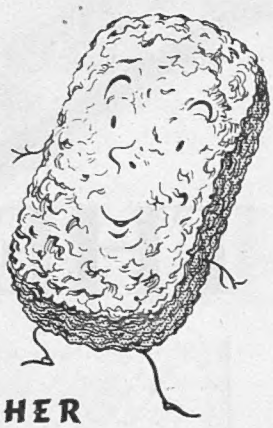


GOOD COMPANIONS



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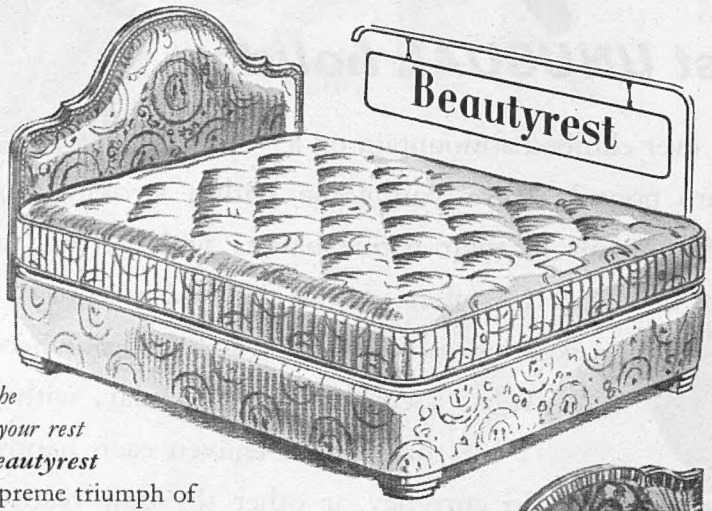

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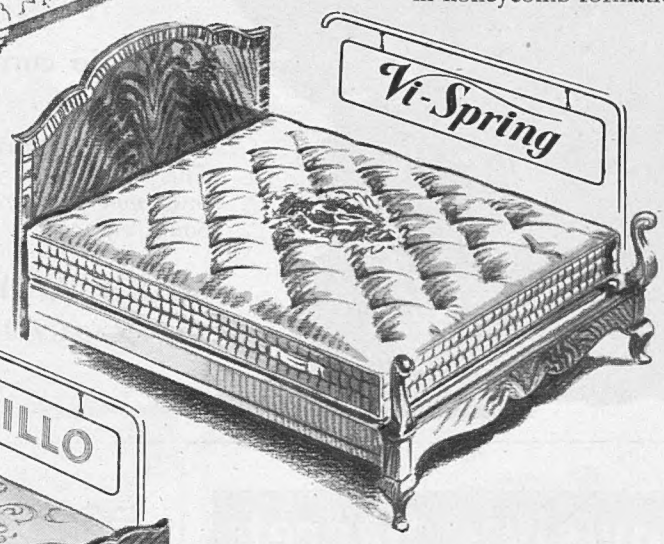

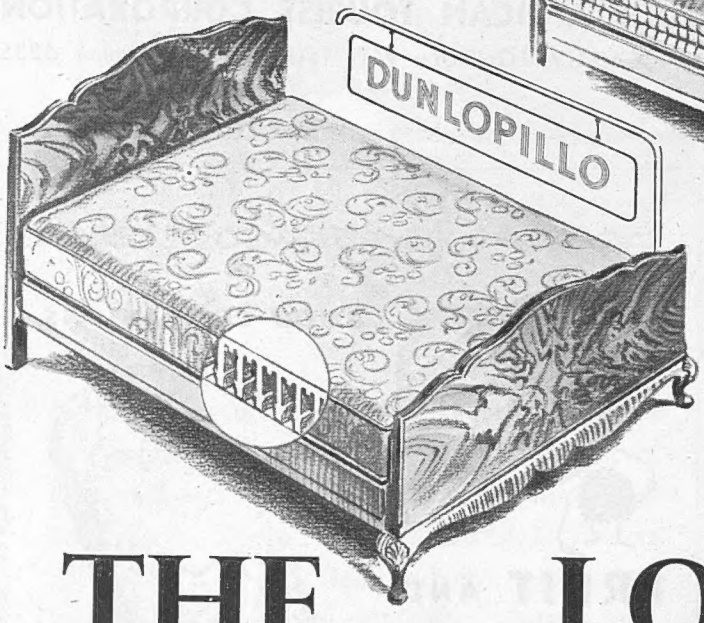

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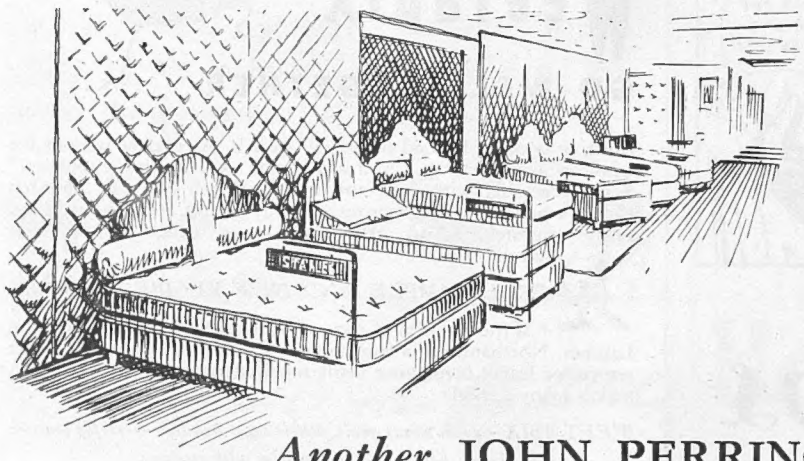

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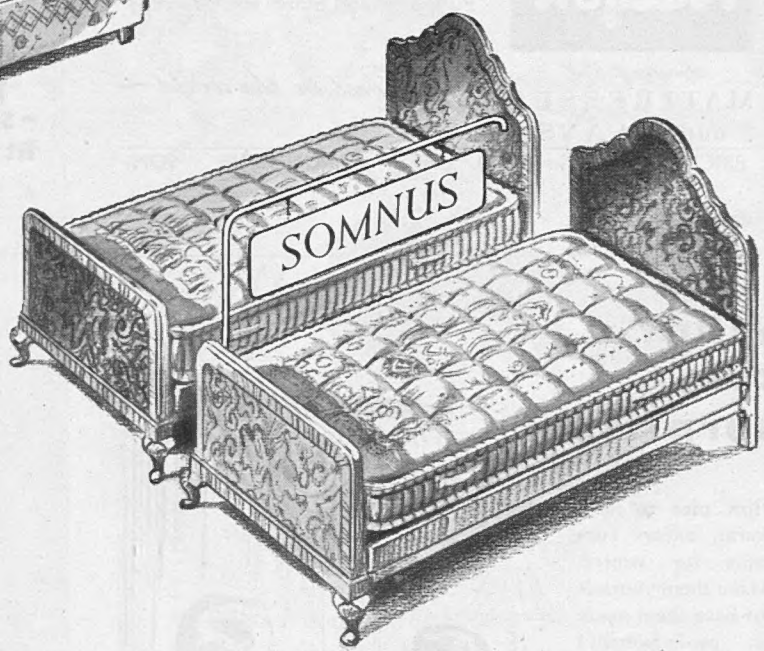

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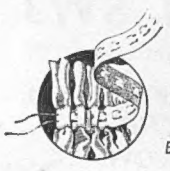

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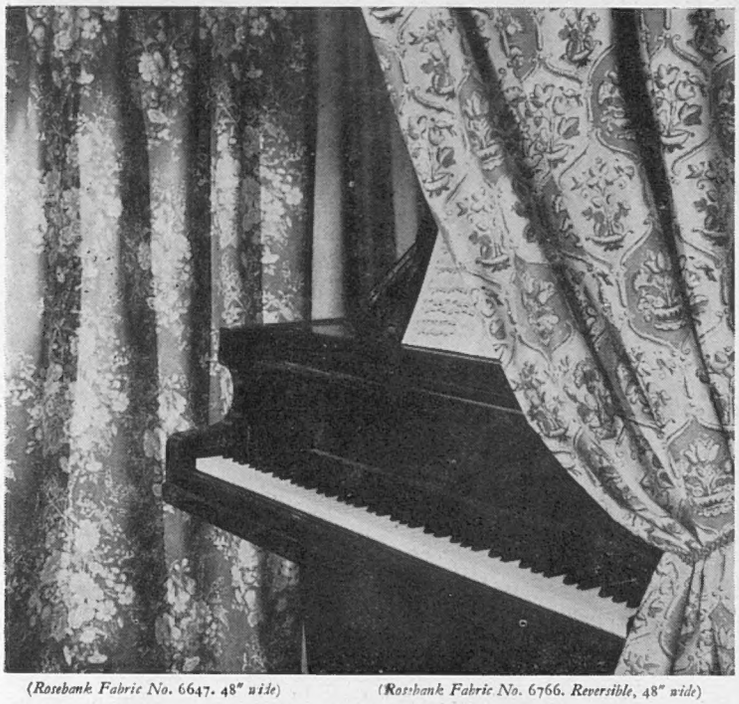

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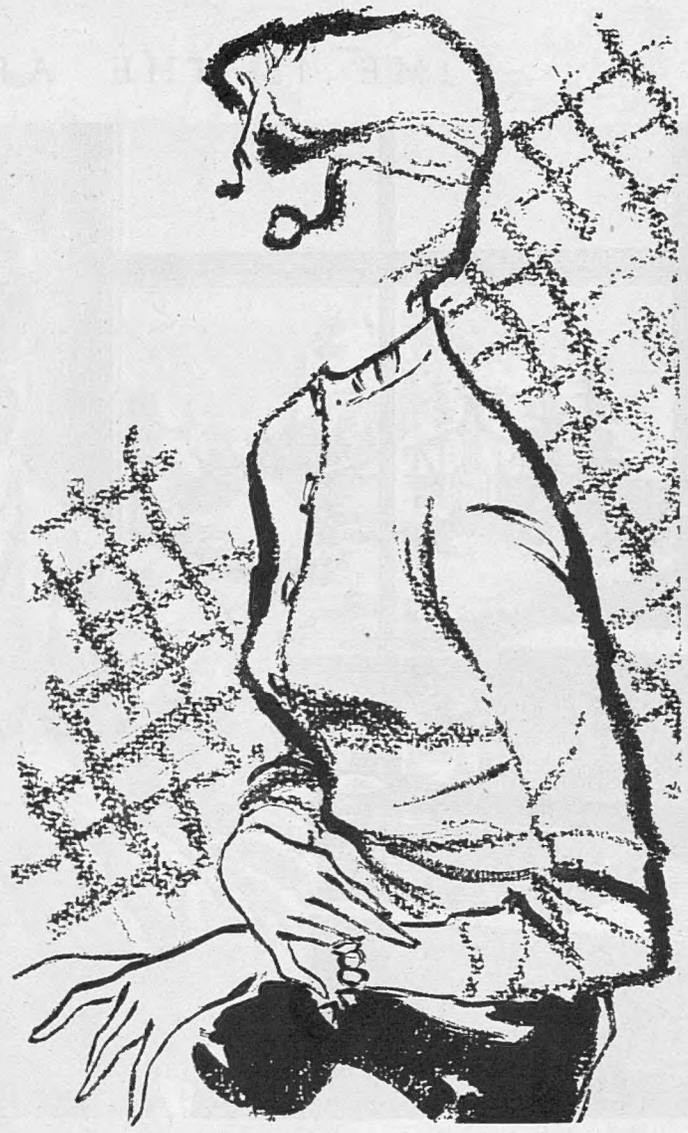

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. . . And please don't think it's just long-suffering British women who have to go without Braemars. Lots *do* have to—but so do American women. Yes, really! Although more Braemars are being made than ever before, and thousands and thousands are sent to U.S.A., still only about 20% of the vast number of American women who want Braemars can get them! There just aren't enough to go round. It's sad, when they're such exquisite woollies—so out of this world for sheer workmanship . . . hand-finished . . . fashion-faultless . . . in every heavenly colour you can think of. Well, it's still worth asking for them, even if you're lucky only once in a hundred times.

BRAEMAR

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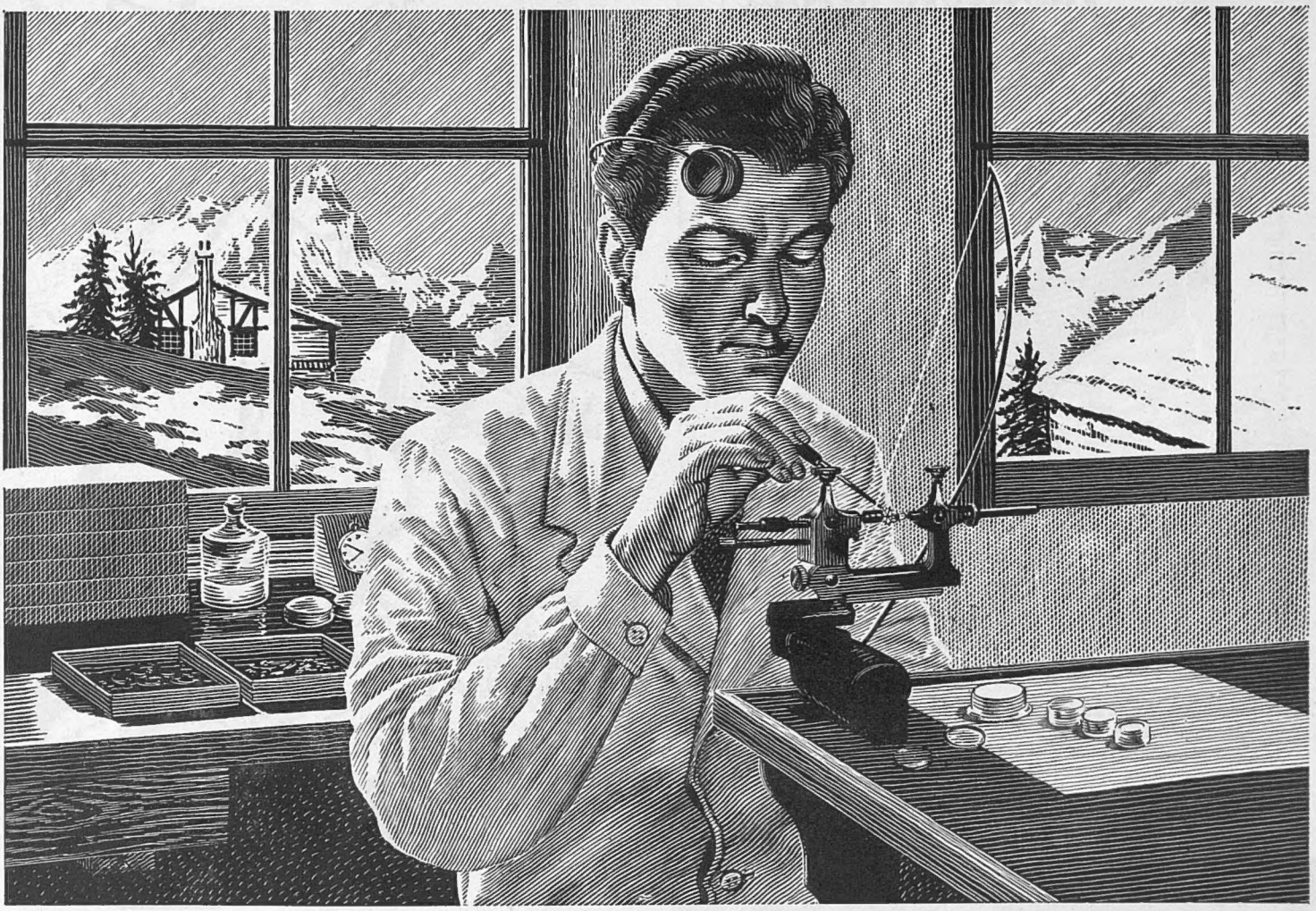
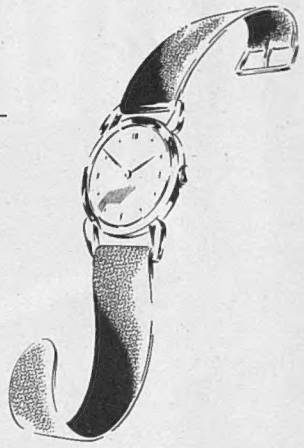
TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



Lives depend on his watches!



As Switzerland must import most of her raw materials, she must export workmanship—finished products—if she is to survive.

This is why Swiss watchmakers *have* to be carefully trained. *Have* to keep alive a father-to-son tradition by constant invention. *Have* to make better watches than other people.

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★ *Fine Swiss watches can be bought from all good jewellers. To keep your watch always at top-level performance, consult the repair expert at your jeweller's. No one else is so competent to give your watch the professional care it deserves.*

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

"You let them work you too hard. But I 'd be the last one to contradict doctor's orders. Only—you will wrap up well ? "

HE came out of the station, a tall figure in a long black overcoat. One hand was at the lapels, covering his throat. He wanted to hide his nervousness as well. His lips moved silently, for he was also trying to persuade himself there was nothing to fear.

Nothing, nothing at all.

Nobody suspected . . .

Why should anyone suspect him ? The rain-washed cobbles of the station yard glimmered at him familiarly. The bright lights of the Railway Inn opposite welcomed him.

Hadn't he come here every Friday night for the past three months ? He remembered the horrible Saturdays and Sundays spent on the river-bank, pretending to be a fisherman.

It was no secret.

His colleagues at the Research Establishment treated it as a joke. He knew what they said. " As a chemist he 's brilliant ; but the chap will try to be a fisherman as well. Three months of it, and he hasn't caught anything yet ! "

Exactly what he wanted them to say. While you 're laughing at a man you don't suspect him. The ruse had succeeded well. Even the wintry-faced security man, Assheton, had thawed unexpectedly during the last routine " screening."

" I hear you 've taken up fishing ? I tried once. But as I hooked a perfectly good hat and flicked it into the river, I decided the sport was not for me."

True, the accompanying smile had been frost-tinged ; but . . . a smile from Assheton ! Could there be anything more reassuring ?

He reminded himself, too, that this journey had become part of his life routine. He knew every stop, and had even attuned his ear to the peculiar railway-English of the small stations.

What was there to fear ?

Why should a few sheets of closely-typed paper make so much difference to him ? Why should they throw him back to the days when his home was in the Kurfürstendamm ? Why were the same dread Gestapo steps at the back of his mind ?

It was weakness, of course. The papers were safe enough, wrapped neatly round one of the rods in the canvas case. And a short bus ride would take him to the house in Acacia Road. Mrs. Murrey would be expecting her week-end guest, and there would be the luxury of the light left on in the hall. She would say what she always said on a wet night : " Nasty weather you 've brought with you, Sir. But I suppose a little rain makes no odds to you fishing gentlemen."

He could relax until it was time to take his usual Friday evening stroll. Could anything be simpler ? All he had to do was to behave exactly as he had done for the past thirteen Fridays.

Why should anybody stop him ? He had never been stopped before. His luggage had never been searched. So far as he knew, he had never been followed. And he was not inexperienced in the matter of shadowers. There was Berlin . . . and Vienna . . . So why the nonsense of suspecting his fellow-passengers ?

The bulky man in the corner might, perhaps, have been a police inspector. But the train had pulled out with him still in his corner, head lolling to one side and eyes closed. And the woman in the uninteresting costume which covered an equally uninteresting figure had left the train two stations back.

There remained the ferret-faced man with the small, pointed nose and the inquisitive eyes. He 'd been in a hurry to step down on the platform, and had trotted out of the station and across to the Railway Inn.

Was he peering from one of the lighted windows ? Was he watching the bus stop ?

Nonsense ! More likely his nose was

buried in a tankard of beer, and his mind occupied considering the dogs due to run to-morrow night.

Fears, fears! There was nothing to them. They jumped nervously out of the imagination.

THE wind blew coldly across the station yard. He shrank against the wall. His anxieties were subdued; but his legs felt unsteady. He was afraid to walk to the bus stop until the weakness was over. Everything must be exactly as usual, even to the detail of his slow, rather dignified walk. He would give his legs a minute or so to strengthen.

While he waited, his thoughts went back to the papers. Before long they would be out of his possession. Then his worries could die a natural death. The rest was up to the organisation. And the organisation didn't fail. There would be no mistakes; not even with Hans as the next link in the chain.

Hans of all people!

Never mind Hans for the moment. The papers . . .

They were not originals. He was not to endure a week-end wondering about replacing them. They were notes which he had typed himself, working late the previous night. Using a typewriter, incidentally, which belonged to another department.

Thursday night! The alibi was his own refinement, and he was still pleased with it. He had induced little Willat to stay on and assist him. Willat was always enthusiastic, always willing. And, being junior, was so proud of the slightest recognition from his seniors.

Poor Willat! So distressed at having dropped off into deep slumber. Full of nervous excuses. Overdoing it a bit, perhaps. Not sleeping too well. Rather afraid his wretchedly thick cold was turning to 'flu.

"I thought the cup of tea would brace me up a bit; instead, it worked the other way."

Willat was an innocent!

Then the master-stroke: "It's understandable, Willat. Don't worry. I feel rather responsible, you know. Had I known you weren't too fit I'd never have asked you to lend a hand. . . . Try to take things a bit easier. If I were you, I wouldn't say anything about this. You know how they fuss if there's a hint that we're under par. It'll mean seeing the doctor . . ."

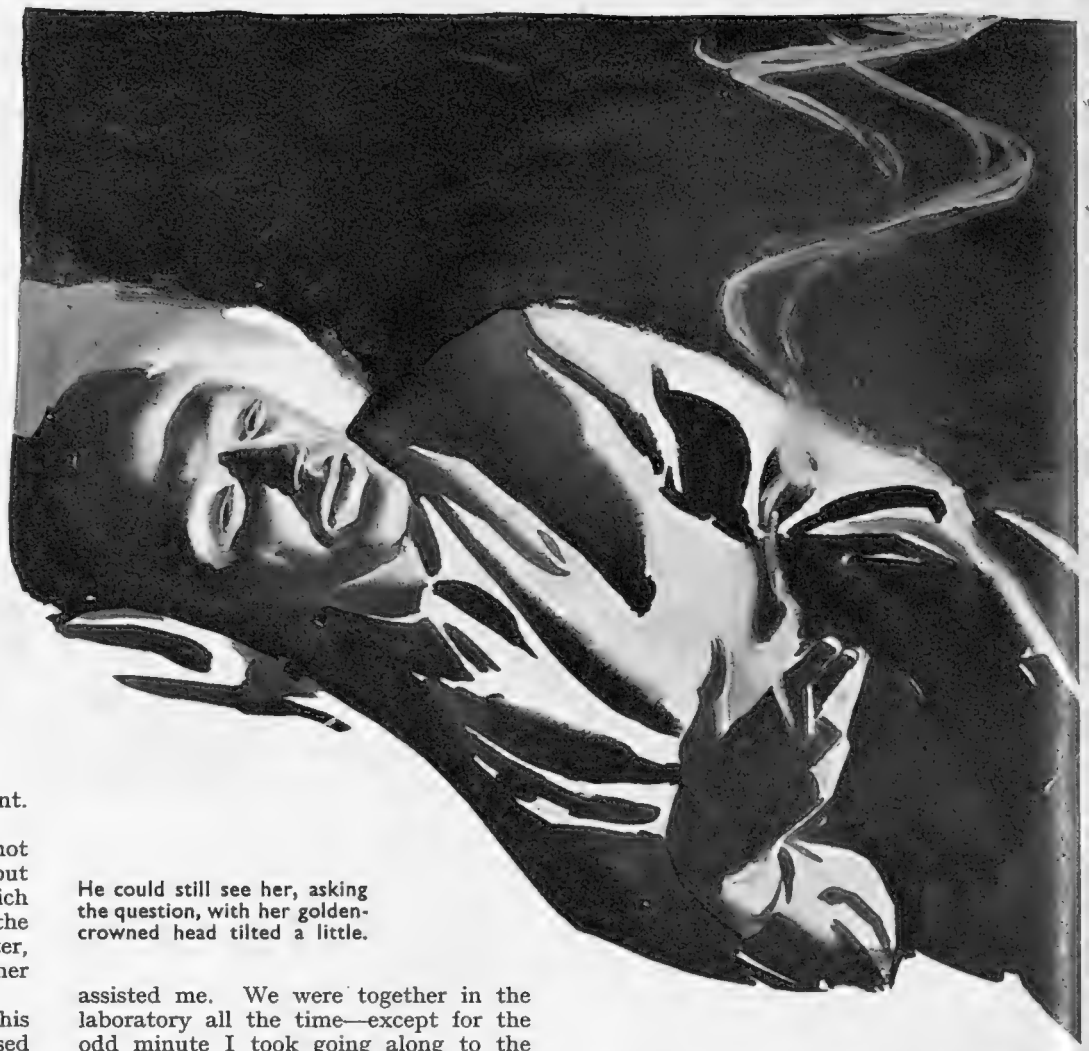
Willat's husky-voiced anxiety. Worried eyes behind heavy-rimmed spectacles.

"And that would mean taking a few days off. I don't mind that—at the end of next week. You know, I'm on my first job of independent research. I must finish the report and analyses. I'm so near the end . . . for somebody else to take over . . ."

And the final touch. Such a kindly: "Suppose we keep it a secret, then? I promise you I won't talk. Not so much as a word."

All very neatly done, and little Willat's eyes moistening with gratitude. And should there be any questioning, it would be easy to answer about Thursday night.

"Yes, I was working late, finishing a series of experiments. Willat kindly assisted me. We were together in the laboratory all the time—except for the odd minute I took going along to the canteen for a pot of tea . . ."



He could still see her, asking the question, with her golden-crowned head tilted a little.

REMEMBERING all this made him more confident. With such precautions, how could there be a last-minute slip? His legs were stronger, and Mrs. Murrey would soon be wondering why he was late.

Tightening his grip on the luggage, he crossed the station yard and walked in the direction of the bus stop.

Twelve minutes later, Mrs. Murrey was opening the door to him and saying: "Nasty weather you've brought with you, sir. But I suppose a little rain makes no odds to you fishing gentlemen."

He hesitated, looking anxiously at the canvas case leaning in a corner of his bedroom. He couldn't forget those papers. He wanted to make sure they were still there; he wanted to unroll them and convince himself no magical substitution had taken place.

It was nerves again.

"Come," he muttered irritably, "you had a cooler head than this in the old days! What has happened to you? Are you soft and flabby?"

So he resisted the impulse. And he made himself sing softly as he went downstairs. It was what he had done every Friday night during these past three months. Because he was so methodical, it was the same song:

"*Ich sende einen Gruss wie Duft der Rosen . . .*"

He had always liked that song, perhaps because roses were his favourites among flowers. But it was tragic that in future he would always associate it with dumpy Mrs. Murrey serving haddock and egg.

As he went into the room he experienced an artistic revulsion; but he was quick to conceal it. Mrs. Murrey was bustling around the table, her breath wheezing in an unceasing accompaniment.

He produced sympathy. "Your asthma still troubling you, Mrs. Murrey?"

"I'm afraid it's no better, sir. How I wish your firm would bring out a three-day cure, or something like that."

At first her interpretation of his work had stung his pride. But much as he had wanted to explain the true significance of "research chemist," he had prudently refrained. It was as well to obey as many secrecy regulations as possible. Gradually, he had come to regard Mrs. Murrey's error as a joke.

So, with secret amusement, he told her that medicines couldn't be perfected in a hurry. "There have to be months spent in laboratory tests."

"I suppose so," she said gloomily. He was afraid she was going to give him the case history of her complaint again; but, fortunately, she remembered the kettle was on for making tea.

She bustled away, returning promptly with an enormous brown teapot. He forced a smile. The pints of strong tea he must have drunk! All for the cause. If it went on much longer his inside would be ruined. And it would have to go on; because it might awaken suspicion if he suddenly packed up fishing. It was a gloomy prospect . . .

"Eh? What did you say, Mrs. Murrey?"

The woman chattered so! Generally he could content her by a sort of affirmative grunt; but sometimes he missed the interrogation points. He realised she was waiting for an answer.

"I said that surely you won't be taking your stroll to-night? It's raining harder than ever. Just asking for a cold, it would be."

Confound her interest in his health. He made a pretence of considering what she had said. Then he answered: "It is rather a nuisance. But the doctor insists I take my regular exercise. A walk before bed. I spend too many hours cooped up in the laboratory, you see."

"You let them work you too hard. But I'd be the last one to take it upon myself to contradict doctor's orders. Only—you will wrap up well?"

His irritation suddenly vanished. "You take me back many, many years. My mother was always saying that to me." A slight sigh. A murmured: "*Die guten, alten Zeiten.*" Seeing her puzzled frown, he explained: "That was in Vienna."

She looked embarrassed, no doubt remembering the war. He laughed at her. "It was all so very long ago it matters nothing." And he added: "I will wrap up very well. I came here to catch fish—not pneumonia."

She seemed content with this and went away as he was pouring his second cup of tea. He finished his meal and then glanced at the clock on the mantelshelf. As usual, he marvelled at the impossibly rearing horses which flanked it.

HE pulled himself up with a jerk. There was business to be done this night. Yes, there would be time for him to smoke the couple of cigarettes as usual. The more he kept to custom, the better it would be for his confidence. And it was always the small things which made for success. He was being punctilious about the small things.

"Not a single false move," he said to himself. "If there is disaster, it will be no fault of mine."

It was good to think there was so little more to be done. The walk to the hotel would take ten minutes. He knew the side-entrance in the shadow of an arch, giving upon a clandestine staircase said to be over 200 years old. This narrow flight led to the landing with its single row of bedrooms. The door of the third would be ajar. He was to go in without knocking, and he would find Hans waiting for him.

Hans of all people!

Unglaublich! Or was it incredible, after all? Perhaps what looked like coincidence, or a quirk of fate, was no more than intelligent organisation. Had they not been together in the old, dangerous days? There would be mutual

recognition, which was insurance against a trap.

Yet, Hans . . .

HE had never thought much of Hans. Hans was the amiable ; to be bullied a little, pushed around, and secretly despised. Poor Hans ; not born for intrigue Just a plump little man with a friendly, round face. In troubled waters because his companions had taken him there. One pitied him, in moments of weakness, just as one felt sorry for a lost dog. And that must have been why Anne-Marie married Hans. An appeal to the mothering instinct. All a mistake, of course.

Anne-Marie admitted it. " Only I haven't the heart to tell him. Is that very foolish of me, Kurt ? "

He could still see her, asking the question, with her golden-crowned head tilted a little. The sunshine of Prague came through the hotel window and played with her hair, lending it a halo. Her delicate fingers were poised in the act of pulling a gossamer stocking over a long, graceful leg.

" You shall tell him one of these days, *Liebchen*. So soon as I have reached England and refuge, I will send for you. Then you shall tell Hans . . . always provided he is here to tell."

For Hans was still in Vienna. And they were both secretly wondering the same thing. Would Hans manage to cross the frontier ?

Suddenly they were speaking these secret thoughts.

He said : " He is not clever enough to escape the net."

She said : " He is so obviously good-natured ; nobody will suspect him."

Now the answer had come, years later. Anne-Marie had been right. It always pleased a woman to be proved right. Was her ghost smiling ? And did her ghost still remember that week-end in Prague, as he remembered it ? It was all so far away now. The hotel in Wenceslas Square. The peaceful line of parked cars outside. The museum brooding calmly. . . . As stray and nostalgic as a faint clinging of a familiar perfume. Or the remembered scent of a rose.

The cherished week-end. A secret belonging to Anne-Marie and himself. The beginning which was also the end.

The cylinder of memory spun quickly. The hurried journey from Prague. Switzerland. Heart-sickening delays. Then Europe crumbling into war and the death of a dream. Word coming to him that Anne-Marie had been killed in an air-raid. For some reason, unknown, she had gone back into Austria. And that was the finish of it, except that he had sometimes wondered whether Hans had ever crossed the frontier.

He knew now. It was Hans who had survived. And Hans was waiting for him—and for the papers.

Fantastic !

HE threw away his cigarette, went out of the room, and started to climb the stairs. Then he paused to call to Mrs. Murrey.

" You think I should be wise to wear a scarf ? "

She appeared, wheezing, in the kitchen doorway. Drying her hands on a spotless towel.

" Very sensible indeed ; if you must go out. There 's a cold wind with the rain. And how it will be for your fishing to-morrow I daren't think. The wireless says rain."

He laughed at her. " Everything will be wonderful to-morrow," he said. " I 've a scarf in my grip. I 'll unpack it."

" And if you 'll let me have your slippers I 'll set them by the fire to warm."

" Thank you."

Scarf and slippers ! What did he want with either ? His fingers were eager to handle the precious papers. But he wouldn't forget the scarf and slippers. Close attention to detail ; that was the way to success.

He began to sing softly.

" . . . *wie Duft der Rosen* . . ."

Very soon he would be rid of his fear.

HE paused in the shadow of the arch. Then he opened the door gently. There was a dim light shining from the top of the narrow stairs. All was so silent, the place might have been deserted. The quietness reacted upon him, so that he went up on (*Continued on page* 58)

" Kurt." There was still the softness in his voice—almost feminine. " It 's a long time, Kurt, since Berlin, since Vienna."

Main Road Village

Neither time nor modernity need rob village life of its individuality

By NORMAN WYMER

(*Top*) The "Local" up the lane
(*Above*) Our lanes are fringed by lovely old houses

A NATION of shopkeepers, we are becoming more rural-minded than at any time since the great exodus from the countryside to the towns which accompanied the Industrial Revolution and prompted Napoleon to dub us all as tradesmen.

More people than for several decades are now choosing to escape from the hustle and bustle of town life to live in a cottage in the country. Thus the village is coming into its own again, as once humble workmen's cottages are converted and given a fresh coat of paint to provide homes for business men and women.

Father Neptune appears at the village carnival

But it is a different village from the one our forebears knew. Like the cottages themselves, it has assumed a new complexion. Unless it is very remote, it now boasts modern amenities in the way of electricity and water, and the "privy" down the orchard has given way to indoor sanitation. While improved transport facilities—which, more than anything, is responsible for this return to the countryside—have rendered its population more cosmopolitan.

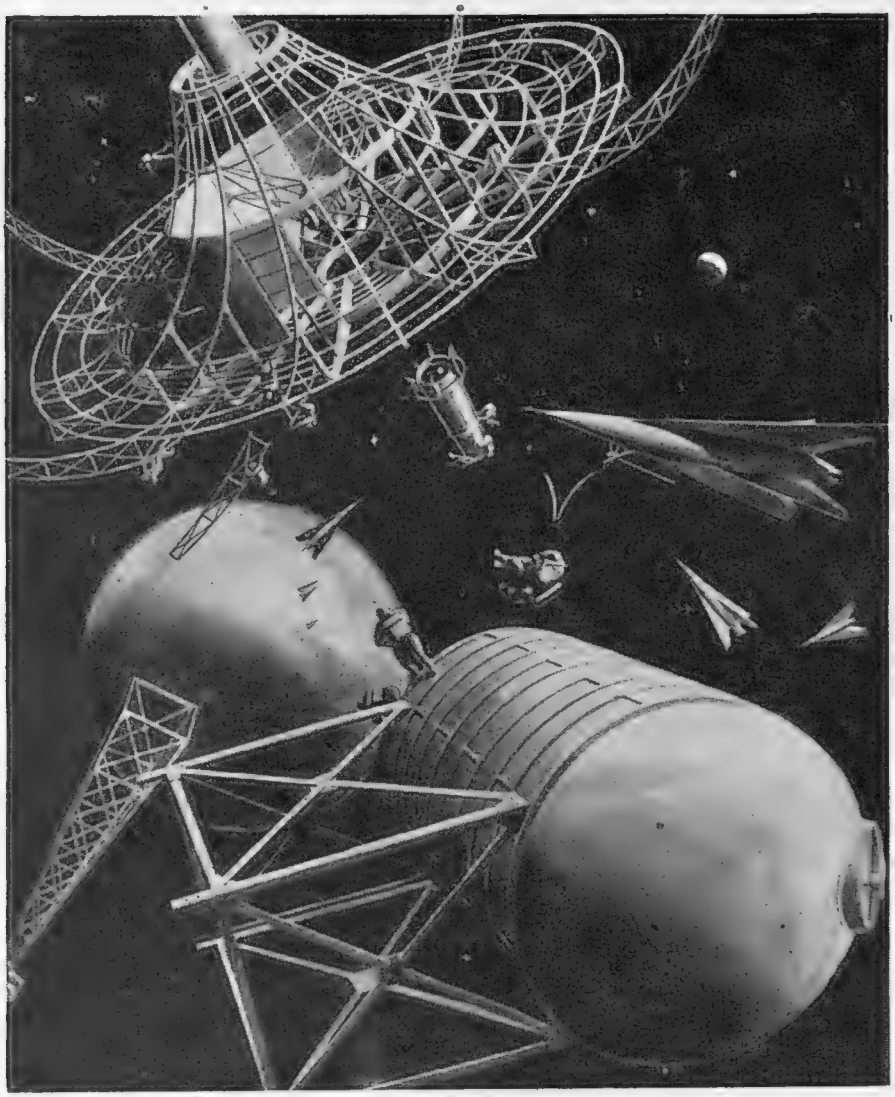
The village is changing. Sadly so, some say. This cosmopolitanism, many would have us believe, is destroying its character; while the communal spirit that bred individuality may now be found only in the more remote corners of our countryside.

The village *has* changed in the last fifty to a hundred years. But it has merely moved with the times. No longer a self-supporting unit as in the past, it is nevertheless still a community unto itself. The squire, for so long the kingpin and chief benefactor, is fast becoming a forgotten character, but village life is still what its people make it. And that applies as much to the main road village as to the remote.

TAKE my own village. Situated as it is on a busy main road linking London with a popular south coastal resort, you might think, to visit it, that modern conditions had long robbed us of any pretence at individuality. Lorries and motor coaches screech their way past the remnants of our village green, and overhead the engines of the aeroplanes from an aerodrome but four miles away whistle and shriek from time to time over our roof tops. And our lanes of lovely old houses and cottages are companioned by "unadopted" roads of less worthy modern houses.

We are within close proximity of three towns with a half-hourly bus service to two of them and a main line railway station but a mile down the road. In short, we have all the "conveniences" to which the cities object. For that reason we are one of the villages that London business men and women have chosen to make their home.

Yet neither time nor modernity has (*Continued on page 90*)



Here is the scientists' dream, that may become a reality within the span of those now living—the Space Station for inter-planetary flight. The picture is from a painting by R. A. Smith in the book *The Exploration of Space*. The Space Station, which gets power from solar energy (curved reflecting surfaces attract sunlight for the boiler system), is being assembled in free orbit 22,000 miles above the Earth (centre). The earth's pull keeps it fixed forever over the same spot on the globe. The airlock chamber, enabling the twenty-four crew to enter and leave without loss of air, has not yet been attached (bottom right). Neither has the radio mast (bottom left). Ferry rockets bring all components into the orbit, then return to Earth (centre, right). Men in space suits, propelled by reaction jets, are busy around the airlock. They can handle large loads since all material is "weightless" under these conditions

By

V. A. FIRSOFF

FLIGHT to the Moon is an ancient dream of Man. Plutarch considered it and Lucian of Samosata, 160 years after Christ's coming, wrote a book about it. In 1638 an English bishop, Godwin, sent Domingo Gonsalez (the Dons were then en vogue) to the Moone in a carriage drawn by tame swans, for the good bishop did not know that the air extended only a little way above the earth.

His more learned contemporary, Johann Kepler, prudently chose to convey his hero thither by the agency of demons, explaining at the end that *that* had all been but a dream, which was prudent, too, as his mother had been accused of sorcery.

Cyrano de Bergerac scoffed at the supernatural and had some rather daring ideas about the Moon-flight. To begin with, he equipped himself with bottles of dew, which by evaporating in the sun drew him up into the sky. By this means, however, he got no farther than Canada, which, all considered, was a very creditable, if not very credible, performance even for a Gascon! His other device was a kind of massive glass bubble pierced at two ends, the air being drawn into one hole by horror vacui and expelled from the other after having been heated by sunlight concentrated by a covey of lenses.

We are familiar with Jules Verne's Moon-gun, the Columbiad, and H. G. Wells' gravity-proof Cavorite which made space-travel easy, if not convincing. There have been others who wove stories, bad, indifferent and good, as well as some genuine literary masterpieces, round the theme of a journey to the Moon by more or less plausible technical devices. All this, however, was little more than "mooning" and their dreams remained reassuringly on paper, exciting but not disturbing. Effective means of propulsion in airless space did not exist.

Since then we have travelled far. The scientific theory of space-flight by rocket has been developed in the last fifty years or so by the Russian Tsiolkovsky, the Rumanian Saxon Oberth and the American Goddard, and brought as a by-product the gruesome reality of the V2 and other guided missiles, at present on the secret list or in the stage of development.

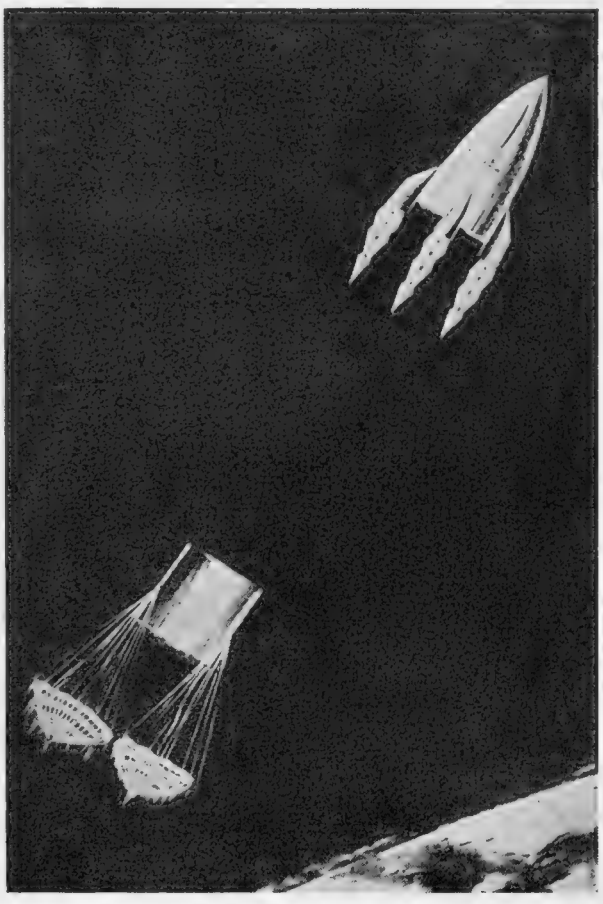
At the end of the late war the Germans were experimenting with a composite America Rocket (A9/A10) which would have shot across the Atlantic. No matter that the full-fledged project had never left the drawing board. It was practicable; such missiles may now exist.

YET it is not about the military uses of the liquid-fuelled rocket that I have set out to write. My subject is exploration of the Moon, still a dream, yet no longer a literary dream but rather an engineering vision that will, indeed, must come true. And when a long-dreamed dream is about to come true it is not all joy; it arouses apprehension, or at least gives food for thought.

What will the conquest of space bring? A difficult question to answer precisely. But it will certainly bring a revolution in human affairs, by comparison with which the discovery of America was a triviality.

To begin with, the revolution will be mental rather than economic, though that may come, too, in time. Our entire outlook, fluid as it may seem to us, will crumble. Again I could not say what will come to take its place, for the resources of astronomy are insufficient to tell us what we will find if only on the Moon, let alone on other planets.

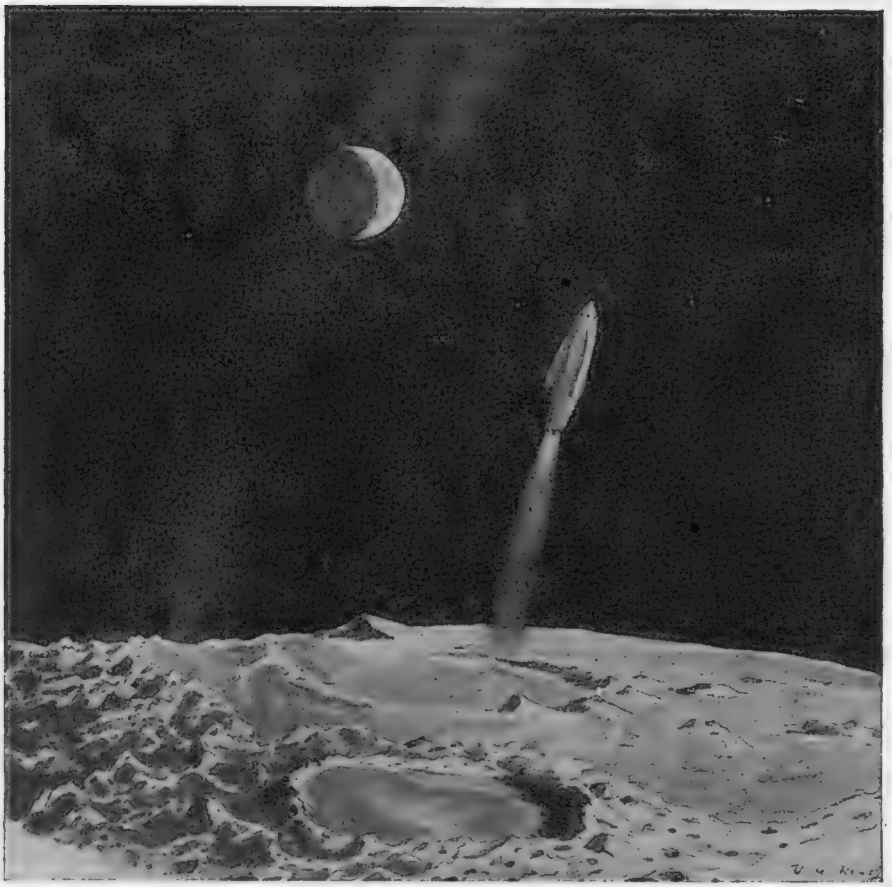
The Moon is often represented as a desert world. We have seen in the scientific Press,



A portion of the freighter rocket that assists propulsion falls away in mid-air. Braking parachutes reduce speed before landing

Asking for the Moon

Will Man's Age-Long Dream Ever Come True?



(*Above*) The author's sketch of an imaginary lunar rocket decelerating for the landing about 100 miles above the crater Plato and the Lunar Alps. The rocket is riding on its exhaust to break the fall. It is now believed the moon possesses an extremely tenuous atmosphere, sufficient, however, to bring meteors to incandescence. The lighter tinge at the horizon indicates the presence of gas. (*Right*) While pioneers work on the new satellite, scientists predict that freight rockets will make their return journeys to earth as supersonic gliders

photographs and drawings of those stony wastes, with fierce mountains, either of a peculiar ring shape or stretching out, more Earth-like, in chaotic chains, beneath a soot-black sky, from whence the stars never fade, and which the sun does not quit or revisit for fourteen days at a stretch. There is no air, no water—terrific heat by day and dreadful frost by night!

YET is this picture wholly true? Instability of our atmosphere imposes an impassable limit to telescopic vision, and what we get of the Moon is but a distant bird's-eye, or perhaps rocket's-eye, view.

Competent observers are believed to have seen mists rising from some of the so-called craters. There exist on the Moon greenish patches which would appear to alter in intensity and shape with the progress of the long lunar day, suggesting vegetation.

Many astronomers now incline to the view that the Moon is surrounded by a thin atmospheric halo, containing only something between 1/750th and 1/2,000th of the amount of air supported by the same surface on the Earth. This is a nearly perfect vacuum, yet it is important as a shield against meteoric bombardment and perhaps in other ways.

Do the deep crevices and caverns of the Moon harbour an unknown order or life? They may.

Is Man the only intelligent creature in the solar system who has developed or is developing space-worthy vehicles? Again the answer is a question mark. We have the "flying saucer" stories and the like, often dismissed but hardly disproved, for the simple reason that one authentic ship from outer space hovering above the Earth, will nullify the evidence of a thousand hoaxes and mistaken identifications. Who would be bold enough honestly to maintain that there has never been such a thing?

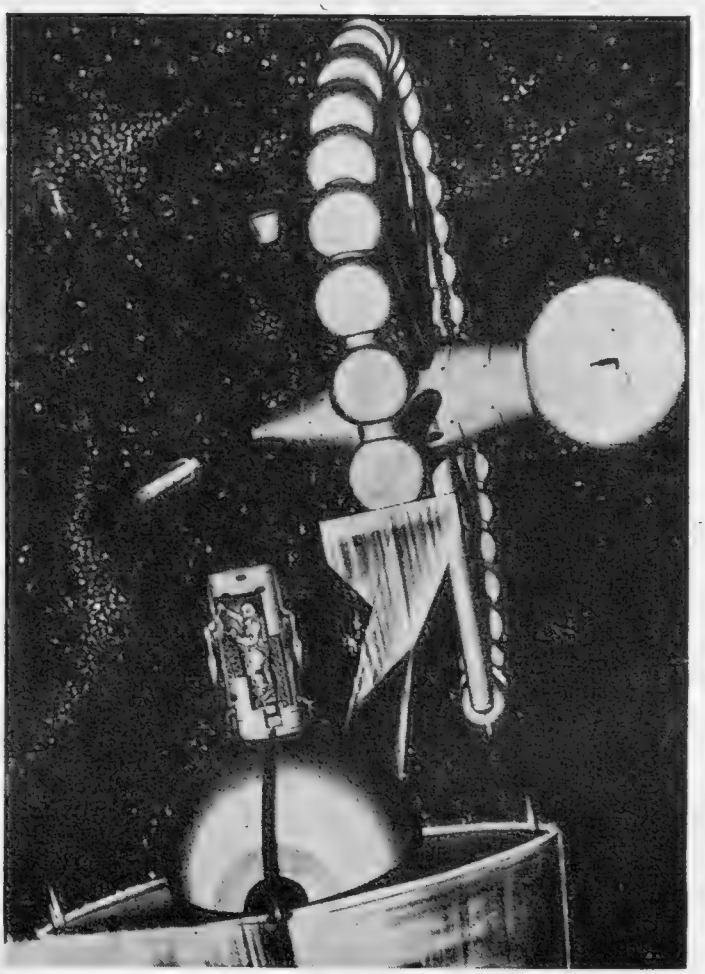
Once we take the airless space and reach the neighbouring world which illumines our nights, we will encounter much that is unexpected and may find the answer also to that query. This is now a matter not of decades, but perhaps only of years.

A ROCKET moves by the force of recoil. The more gas is shot out of its exhaust and the faster it flies away, the greater the thrust the rocket gets. While the fuel is burning the rocket goes on accelerating. As soon, however, as the fuel is spent, it stops gaining speed and behaves much as a stone thrown by hand. It proceeds against gravity along a curved trajectory, which is really an orbit round the Earth's centre, but the orbit is too small and brings it down to the ground.

The height the rocket will attain in vertical ascent depends on the velocity it has accumulated by the time the fuel supply has been exhausted or cut off. At present the official record is 240 miles. The distance to the Moon is almost exactly a thousand times as great. Yet this does not mean that the rocket's velocity must be increased a thousand times: actually a little more than a threefold increase will suffice. Even this is difficult.

Ideally, if the rocket were very light and could carry a lot of fuel it could achieve any velocity and proceed anywhere. But the two requirements are contradictory, for fuel, too, has weight and so have the tanks which contain it. The more fuel therefore (usually liquid oxygen and methyl alcohol or petrol) we pump into it, the heavier it becomes and we are eventually beaten at the game.

There is, however, (*Continued on page 70*)



When Private EYES Are Working

By Ferdinand Tuohy

DURING the late war there was a "house of mystery" in a part of Kensington, so referred to by neighbours because these were unable to make out the nature of the work being done by a small and changing company of women, usually young and always well turned-out, that entered and left.

One could only surmise they were on some form of official work, a conclusion which was certainly not shaken by the amused or bored discretion with which the subjects of curiosity parried attempts to draw them out.

They were. These young and not-so-young ladies were operating as "private eyes" for an assortment of Intelligence Sections, civil and military. Their speciality lay in watching contacts made by "interesting" foreigners on sponsored visits to the United Kingdom, or temporarily residing therein, and that most of the foreigners were in the Allied fold made no difference.

For the purpose on hand it was necessary that the "Eyes" should get around and somehow invitations to desirable social occasions did not lack—to luncheons, cocktail and dinner parties, dances and receptions. It was quite a life—for wartime. Access to a smart and varied wardrobe, intriguing menus and buffets, and lots of interesting conversation; and maybe £8 or £10 a week and expenses for taxis and incidentals.

Languages were an essential, both for documents and when foreigners were presented. Then a knowledge of the world, the language and the Continent stood the "Eyes" in good stead. A cultural background, poise and tact were expected of trainees at the Kensington mansion. Without intelligence and alertness and accuracy of mind none could have crossed its portals.

They did not need to be good-lookers or glamorous, though one or two were firstly chosen for that. But to fit in with the norm was more useful most times.

They were enjoined not to let even their families know what they were about, "not so easy when we wanted to talk about where we'd been," as an "Eye" was afterwards to confess.

That little band of feminine talent had attained the summit of private detection work open to their sex. They probably liked to envisage themselves as "Intelligence agents," but that didn't alter the fact that their's were *private eyes*, to give the label that has been gummed to women detectives in the United States, where the kind has suddenly come to be in keen demand.

I SUPPOSE it was the cinema again. After years of films showing women awash with intuition and dancing attendance on tough detective guys they adored, spirited young persons in the audience must have reflected—"why not?" Why not practise in their own right? Anyway it's what they are doing, and not only in America.

Of course we have had women detectives for a long time past, in big stores, watching wedding presents, and so forth. But they've been rare birds. Now that's over. The job that was deemed to be a ninety-nine per cent male affair is so no longer. The odds against women being employed in it are nothing like what they were. One more career—at the minimum a part-time job offering plenty of opportunity—has been extended, and invites women to prove themselves.

Of course this extension of detective work gives food for thought. Parallel to the advent of woman more plates are still being put up by male "dicks." This is easier to do here than in other leading countries where a licence has to be obtained and, as like as not, bond money lodged. Again, the absence of study and apprenticeship of the kind required for the average specializing job will attract candidates. Yet the run on private detection work has other promptings, too.

Without moralizing, life has become more complicated, less "on the level," more unstable, less law-abiding. "Fiddling" and "getting by" are additions to the vocabulary. People worry more, due to strain; imagine things. Divorce is on the upgrade, so are embezzlement and trickery. And there is the prohibitive cost of orthodox legal processes. It isn't difficult to adduce reasons for the greater recourse to private detective agencies.

MEANWHILE the employment of women detectives has been carried considerably farther in the United States than in Western Europe. If proof were needed, read this from New York: "Seven men were arrested in Harlem by eleven detectives of (*Continued on page* 88)

Short Story
by
JUNE JOHNS

CAFÉ IN THE CLOUDS

"WELL, do you like it?" asked an amused and very feminine voice

Her Determination Brought Happiness To Them Both

THE mists had lifted off Dark Mountain for the first time in the year and Jonathan Dean was restless. He made a pretence at building the sheds which were to house the new chicks, but his mind was already up the mountain.

By ten o'clock he could stand it no longer. He hastily stacked away his tools, rummaged through the cupboards in the silent farm kitchen, and changed into his climbing boots.

Jones the postman was nearing the end of his round when he saw the familiar figure making for the lower slopes.

"It'll be a wasted journey that you're making," he called out. "You'll be lucky to get customers so early in the year."

For reply, Jonathan waved a long arm and jauntily went on his way.

Used to the silence of Jonathan, the postman merely shook his head and muttered, "I'd need ten pounds a day to make me climb a mountain just to serve hot drinks to silly hikers."

But in front of Jonathan he always held his peace. He had been one of the first to volunteer to rebuild the lad's farm after it had been partly destroyed

by the British plane which crashed there during the war. Jonathan had been a commando at the time. He could not know how the villagers worked to help him get over the shock of losing his parents.

When he returned to the lonely farmhouse, they waited for him to say how he liked it, the home they had repaired in preparation for his marriage, for surely he would settle down and raise a family.

But Jonathan had no wish to marry. He was scared. Scared of being pitied, scared of being scared, but most of all, scared of loving and losing. At thirty his eyes, as grey as the mountain rocks, had the shuttered look of someone not at home in the world.

So instead of settling down, he surprised the villagers by asking them to help him build a wooden hut on the summit of the mountain. Mad, they whispered among themselves. Fancy building a café three thousand feet in the sky. Who did he expect to serve? But he had taken a ten-year lease of the peak. And right from the beginning the project was a success. The villagers never came to understand him, but they forgave him his oddity.

ONCE he left the forest behind him, Jonathan's heart lifted. The mountain was no longer dark, but glistening with the spring sunshine. Gladly he bore his pack over the rocks — rocks which were speckled with marks his clinkers had made during the hundreds of journeys up and down the mountain.

Another hour of brisk climbing, sometimes on hands and knees over the steeper slopes, the wooden hut suddenly appeared over the brow. It always came suddenly, and never failed to make Jonathan's heart leap. Home, he would say with pride, for he was more at home there than anywhere else on earth. As he drew closer he could hardly believe his eyes. Green gingham fluttered at the open windows and wood smoke curled from the chimney.

"Hey," he yelled, "who's in my hut?"

There was no reply, and Jonathan ran the last few steps and burst through the open door. No one was there, but he was staggered at the change in his café. The once bare table wore a cotton cloth to match the curtains, empty jam-jars had been taken from the storage shelves and they stood in line along the window sill, filled with spring flowers. It looked beautiful, but not to Jonathan. He was boiling with rage. Someone had desecrated his hut.

"Well, do you like it?" asked an amused and very feminine voice. Jonathan wheeled round to find a girl standing in the door smiling at him. Despite his anger, he noticed how attractive she was.

"Perhaps you'd tell me just what you are doing here," he demanded, "this is my hut and you're trespassing."

"Oh," she smiled and held out her hand. "Then you must be Jonathan Dean. I am Catherine Avery and I came here with a party of climbers last year."

Jonathan gracelessly took the proferred hand. "Are you trying to tell me that you've been here all winter?" he inquired unbelievingly.

"Goodness no," laughed Catherine. "I fell in love with the place, but my home and my work were in London. That is," she added ruefully, "until I lost my job and couldn't afford to keep up the flat. So I thought it would be a good idea to move in here until I found another job."

"Did it ever occur to you that this is my means of livelihood, and that you would be an extremely unwelcome and uneconomic proposition?" Jonathan was as rude as he knew how to be and he was glad to see the flush mounting on Catherine's cheeks.

"I had no intention of sponging on you, if that's what you mean," she retorted, and going to the mantelpiece, she produced a jam-jar half full of coins.

"Here's the money I earned by making pots of tea and coffee for the climbers who came earlier in the year."

But instead of being pacified, Jonathan was even more furious.

"You'd no right to use those emergency stocks," he declared. "If you had to carry them up the mountain you'd jolly well think twice before you used them out of season."

"You seem to forget that I have been up and down the mountain half a dozen times since I came to live here," Catherine's voice was icy, "I have to eat, you know, and if I'd known you were such a miserable miser the poor climbers could have had my rations."

Jonathan knew he was beaten, but not for long, he vowed.

GENTLY she put a cup of coffee in his hand

"I will give you one week to get out," he said coldly. "If you want to be obstinate then I'll get an eviction order. And in the meantime will you kindly leave my stores alone?"

He turned on his heel and, lugging his heavy pack, began going down the mountain. Just before he jumped the rocks that would take his hut out of sight, he paused for a backward glance. He could have kicked himself for there, standing in the doorway, was Catherine busily staring at him while her hand ran a pencil over a sketching block.

"Don't get alarmed," she called, noticing his chagrin. "I'm just working on a painting of Mohammed leaving the mountain."

Her laugh echoed among the rocks and even the stream which usually gave Jonathan so much pleasure, could not soothe him. The water gurgling over the pebbles reminded him of her laughter.

AND so it went on all week. First he noticed how bare were the farm windows, and how coarse the white wood table with no cloth. Once he got over his anger, he smiled at the courage of the girl, and told himself she would have made a good friend in better circumstances. But he would not let himself soften. He was much too fond of his hut.

When the week expired, Jonathan waited until noon before setting out. Give her time to get down the mountain, he thought. It had already begun to rain when he cleared the lower slopes, and the summit was bathed in mist. A nagging fear spurred him on, and he began to imagine all sorts of accidents that might befall an inexperienced climber in such weather.

He was not altogether surprised when, drawing near to the hut, he saw the green gingham curtains still at the window. His disappointment at not having back his hut was tempered by a vague relief that his ultimatum had not resulted in an accident.

"Filthy day," Catherine beamed, as she opened the door. "But I've got a meal ready to warm you up."

It was a simple meal, all vegetables, but Jonathan enjoyed it as he hadn't enjoyed food for years. A log fire crackled in the grate, and he listened to Catherine's chatter while he ate. It was pleasant, he thought, to have a woman about the place. He pulled up his thoughts and reminded himself that he had business to do.

"I'm sorry you have to go down the mountain in this weather," he was deliberately stilted. "But if you like you can come down with me then I can help carry your case."

"But I'm not going down the mountain," smiled Catherine. "I've got a much better idea. Supposing you let me help you in the café, and for payment let me use the hut as my home. I can make meals as well as hot drinks."

Jonathan almost choked. "I thought I made it clear last week that this is my hut and there isn't room for two of us. Now if you wouldn't mind packing your belongings. . . ."

Catherine made no move. "I'm staying right here," she said. "And if you don't like it, then I'll lock the door and keep both you and your customers out."

"I'll get an eviction order," threatened Jonathan.

"Piffle," retorted Catherine, and without another word, he bounced out of the hut into the cold, grey mists of the mountain.

HE stumbled and fumed all the way down, and by the time he reached the village he was almost speechless with rage.

P.C. Thomas was in the middle of his tea when Jonathan burst in. He listened to the tale of the squatter in silence.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to have her as a helper up there?" he asked tentatively. He hated bother, and he had a soft spot for young ladies, especially those with spirit.

"No I don't want a helper," answered Jonathan. "I want an eviction order. She's trespassing on my property and I'm demanding protection."

P.C. Thomas was worried. He had never had occasion to issue an eviction order and, to tell the truth, he wasn't quite sure how to go about it.

"Tell you what Jon," he compromised. "Let me finish my tea, then I'll get on to headquarters and get a ruling from them. You come back here in an hour and I'll let you know what they say."

Satisfied that something would be done, Jonathan went to his farm for an hour.

But before he had time to call on the policeman, the policeman was banging on the farmhouse door.

"I'll have to leave that eviction business," he said breathlessly. "There's been a plane crash on Dark Mountain and I've been told to leave everything and join the search party. Can't stop now," he was already on his way. "Come and see me (*Continued on page* 80)

Illustrations by A. R. WHITEAR

LAND OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Yet Over Half Her People Live In The Towns And Cities

By Martin Thornhill

One of the wonders of the world is the Great Barrier Reef—80,000 square miles of reefs, shoals and palm-shaded islets extending almost the whole length of the Queensland coast

AUSTRALIANS are an easy-going, unexcitable people. It is a quality they inherit or acquire from philosophies which go with great spaces—a constant compromise with Nature, an appreciation of life's simplicities, and a certain complacency. Thus the general excitement over the Royal visit which had been planned for March, and the disappointment over its possible cancellation, was checked by the national temperament. For the same reason, it is certain that the remembrance of it and the disappointment would have been long and vivid.

This would not, of course, have been His Majesty's first visit to the Commonwealth. As Duke of York, in 1927, he opened, 200 miles from Sydney, the new Commonwealth capital, Canberra, which had been laid out wheel-shaped, with Capitol Hill in its centre. Modern tiled-roof houses filled the residential area of a new city attractively adorned with tree-lined avenues and beautiful gardens.

This time the Royal trio had planned a leisurely voyage leaving Southampton on January 27, and arriving Fremantle (Western Australia) on March 1. They were to have crossed territories of which most are probably as unfamiliar to Australians themselves as they are to Englishmen who have never left Britain. For nearly half of the

An aborigine of Broome teaching his infant son how to use the boomerang. The aborigines are something of a problem to the Australian authorities

Koala bears chew gum leaves in the tree tops

island continent is a desert region which none ever see but the relatively few travellers who make the 1,000-mile journey across it, most of it dead flat.

THE Australian desert is not a vast sea of shifting sand like the Sahara and the Gobi. It is much more like the arid regions of North America. Vegetation of sorts —stunted scrub and porcupine grass— relieves an otherwise heartless parched-brown monotony which explains why all but a few thousands of the three million square miles of the continent are almost empty of people.

Yet the desert has compensations. In summer the mercury may climb over the hundred mark, but the heat, being dry, is bearable. For nearly ten months of the year the sun shines from a cloudless sky, and to Britons it must seem an advantage to be able to predict, almost to the date, the coming of rain. It is a winter blessing; even so, some districts cannot be sure of getting any. Ironically, there is plenty of water below the desert, but so deep that the cost of tapping it would be prohibitive.

Kalgoorlie, a lone town in the desert mining area which made overnight fortunes in the nineties and is still the most productive goldfield in the country, finds it cheaper to pipeline water supplies from the coast.

A NAME on the map may mean anything but a town, or even a village. One occurs every half-hundred or so miles, and it is often no more than a group of living shacks, a refuelling tank and coal dump for the transcontinental train which, when it crosses the Mullobar Plain, follows metals that do not bend for 328 miles. The level may vary a few feet, but the track is the longest straight stretch in (*Continued on page 82*)

A Scottish Chieftain's Forced Marriages

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

OF all the Scottish chieftains, Highland or Lowland, of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, Simon Fraser, who became thirteenth Lord Lovat, was probably the most ruthless and cunning—as wild as the pibroch that skirled in his native glens. When he wanted a wife he did not stop to woo: he took her by force and damned the consequences. Yet—educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and an M.A. schooled in logic and philosophy and apt in quoting the classics—he was a cultivated young man by the standards of his day.

It did not stop him taking the law into his own hands when the Fraser estates and Lovat title were at stake. Rich, fertile lands on Beauly Firth, rugged Stratherrick, lochs, glens, moorlands, highlands and the chieftainship of hundreds of warlike clansmen ready to do his bidding—yes, they were worth fighting for; and as captain of a company in the Atholl regiment he saw himself as a fighter bending others to his will.

Thus Amelia, still a mere child, eldest daughter of his cousin, Lord Hugh Fraser, who held the Lovat title and had married an Atholl. . . . Heiress to the estate, was she, so long as she married into the Fraser clan? Well, he would have something to say about that. He would abduct the lass. It saved a lot of time and argument. Once the deed was accomplished there would be no room for argument, for possession was more than nine-tenths of the law in the primitive, turbulent Scotland of his day.

Already, following Lord Hugh's death at Perth, Simon's father, Thomas Fraser, was calling himself the rightful Lord Lovat and his son Master of Lovat, basing his claim on a deed Simon had induced Lord Hugh to draw up, against his daughter's interests, when they visited London together and sampled its pleasures as roystering companions. Naturally, the widow and her family, the Atholls, opposed this, determined to keep the estates at all costs. But with the heiress Amelia in Simon's power he and his father would hold the trump-card; the Atholls would be thwarted.

She resisted, protested, pleaded, shrieked out in panic, desperately hoping that someone in her household might come to her assistance.

Carefully he laid his plans, but for some reason the clansmen entrusted with the kidnapping failed in their mission, returning the girl to her mother instead of bringing her to him. Were they touched by her tender years—she was but ten at the time—or by consciousness of their wrongdoing, and fearful of its possible outcome?

Simon swore at this setback to his scheme, but could do nothing, for the Atholls were now on their guard. He swore even more, and to some purpose, when he heard that Amelia's uncle, Lord Tullibardine, son of the Marquis of Atholl, had arranged a marriage for her with the son of Lord Fraser of Saltoun, a paltry Lowlander, and that father and son were visiting the widowed Lady Lovat at Castle Downie with that end in view.

At once he sprang into action. At the head of a band of his Highland clansmen, he intercepted the Saltoun party on their return, ambushing them on a lonely road near Inverness, overpowering them, and taking the father and son prisoner. "I will spare your life," he told Saltoun, "on one condition—that ye gie a written undertaking, a solemn pledge, never again tae hae designs upon the lass and the estates."

HAVING nipped that little scheme in the bud, he proceeded to carry out a far more daring one of his own. He had flouted the law in attacking Saltoun; he would flout it again to even better effect, confident that nothing could touch him in his Highland stronghold. If he could not have the daughter he would have the mother, who would equally serve his purpose.

Waiting his chance, he descended on Castle Downie with an armed band from Stratherrick and imprisoned the Dowager Lady Lovat in

At Castle Downie he lived a barbaric life of feasting, roystering, debauchery, as virtual king of a Highland Court, knowing no authority but his.

JACK MATTHEW

her room. He then brought in a minister, Robert Monroe of Abertarf, and forced her to be a party to a form of marriage.

A comely woman of thirty-one with the Atholl blood in her, she might have appreciated conquest by a masterful man in other circumstances. But marry the adventurer, Simon Fraser, with all that it implied, and for reasons only too evident on his side? Never!

She resisted, protested, pleaded, shrieked out in panic, desperately hoping that someone in her household might come to her assistance. All Simon did was to shout to his pipers: "Blaw, men, blaw an' drown this damned racket!" And blow they did, fit to waken the kilted ghosts of Castle Downie, until the minister had completed the ceremony to Simon's satisfaction if not to hers.

So stricken was she by this outrage that she fell ill and was like to die. Hearing that the law had been invoked against him by her relatives, he carried her off to the rocky island of Aigas in the Beauly River, there to stand siege against her avengers. Lord James Murray and Lord Mungo did launch an attack against it, but without success, for it was nigh impregnable and Simon was well prepared.

Eventually, she was rescued by a ruse, brought back to Castle Downie, then escorted to her father's home and kept there closely guarded. Never again did she set eyes on her captor-husband. He was now on the run in his desolate hills and glens, keeping at bay the Atholl forces sent to harry him and lay his lands waste. Outlawed, he had to flee with his father to Dunvegan Castle, on Skye, where the elder Fraser died.

MEANTIME, an Edinburgh court, trying them in their absence for high treason—and in Simon's case, barbarity against the Dowager Lady Lovat—condemned them to be executed. A price was on their heads. But this did not prevent Simon, after his father's death, returning to the Stratherrick country to attack and capture, with a small band of retainers, the Murrays who had occupied it.

So incensed was he that he would have slain the prisoners had he not been restrained. Instead, he put the Murrays and Atholl men under ordeal before his own. They had to swear on a bared dirk that they renounced their claims in Christ, their hopes of heaven, and dedicate themselves to the devil and all the torments of hell, should they ever return into Lovat territories or cause him, directly or indirectly, the smallest mischief.

He made no further attempt to molest his "wife." In after years he would jest of the marriage, dismiss it as a joke, since it no longer served his aims and had been declared illegal. The heiress Amelia passed out of his ken, too. She married Alexander Mackenzie of Prestonhall, the son of a judge.

IN 1716 Simon married Margaret, the sister of Brigadier Grant of Grant, with great celebration and rejoicing, so presumably this (*Continued on page 56*)

Cumberland's troops found him hiding in a hollow tree, betrayed by the flannel he used to swathe his legs.

Going The Whole Hog

A city worker discovers
the joys of country life

By SARAH FRENCH

STRANGELY enough it was on a November day that I made the final decision. November is the dreariest month of the year in towns, with the dank mist rising from brick and stone and summer's dust turned to black mud in gutters and corners. To urban friends it seemed the oddest time to give up a responsible job in a warm, bright office, to pioneer among the fields and woods.

That morning there had been a light frost, just enough to make the bronze, unfallen beech leaves brittle and to line the furrows with royal-blue shadow. The sun shone as I walked to the station from the little village where I was living as a part-time country-woman, working in London. The sunlight had the clarity and purity which belong to it only late and early in the year, and everything it touched was heightened : silver-yellow haystacks with their blue shadows, rose-madder bricks of the cottages, emerald-green moss and ochre lichen on the barn roof, rich purple-black and white of a Friesian herd, steel-blue beech trunks with scarlet, spotted mushrooms at their base—everything was enamelled by the sun.

The grass was crisp under my soles and the air smelt of frost, cows, apples, burning potato haulms and chrysanthemum leaves—a rich, (*Continued on page* 56)

SHE looked at him in wonder, her tear-filled eyes blurred and shining.

"But I thought you knew, I thought that's why you came"

Illustrations by D. L. Wynne

His Brother's Shoes

It was not the successful test flight, but the girl, who made him shed his brother's cloak

By DOROTHY EDEN

THERE was going to be a delay of half an hour. Bill was uncertain whether he was glad or sorry. It might give him a chance to steady his nerves, or on the other hand they might get worse. At least he couldn't stand around talking to his father who, beneath his disciplined calm, was as nervous as Bill. Though Howard Hurst's nervousness was different in that it was chiefly for the fate of his plane. It wasn't that he was unaware of the risk his son took in making the initial test, but an inventor had to have a one-track mind that skipped over obstacles and kept only the end in view.

Bill couldn't help the fleeting thought that had it been Richard flying the plane his father might have been less calm. That was the kind of thinking he had to stop. He ground out his half-smoked cigarette with his heel, and leaving the airfield crossed the road to the little café that catered both for sightseers at the aerodrome and passing motorists.

(*Continued on page* 60)

THE RIDDLE OF THE

Nom de Plume

By P. C. J. T.

THE motives behind the adoption of a *nom de plume*, although sometimes explicable, are for the most part puzzling to fathom. One can but speculate as to the underlying reason which has actuated so many men and women of letters in cloaking their real identity behind a pen-name. The solution would be simple if the problem were analogous to that of a prospective film star or prima donna or ballerina, whose name—destined mayhap for posters and illuminated lights—could not be allowed to remain at anything commonplace or drab. But, as will be seen, few writers who have published works under assumed names have been thus handicapped, and other reasons must have been at the root of the mystery.

In some cases, the personality behind the *nom de plume* has been a closely-guarded secret; in others but a thin disguise of identity.

It is conceivable that Charles Lamb, as an employee of East India House (from 1792 to 1825), might have had reason to hoodwink his superiors by the adoption of the euphonious "Elia." His motive surely could not have been an abhorrence of his own name, although there may be some significance in the fact that in one of his early dramatic efforts, a farce entitled *Mr. H*—— (which did not survive the first night of its appearance at Drury Lane in 1806), the central theme lay in the hero's anxiety to conceal his name—that of Hogsflesh. The most probable reason is that "Elia" was adopted by Lamb to save the susceptibilities of his brother John, then a clerk in the South Sea House, and South Sea House was the subject of the first of the Essays. The name was that of a foreigner who had been a clerk in this institution. But, unless oblivious of his (*Continued on page* 68)

HE slung him over his shoulder like a sack of shavings and carried him aloft

Short Story by Captain F. H. Shaw

YOU CAN'T BE SURE

Life Aboard A Windship Is Always Thrilling, But This Was An Unforgettable Voyage

A BLEAK man, a bitter man was our Mr. Silas Perkins, when first mate and chief bulldozer of the *Lorelei*! They named him a sailor's heartbreak in all the ports from Puget Sound to Plymouth—bad, he was, to the jaundiced marrow.

And when it came to paying-off the old windship after that unforgettable voyage, Perkins didn't even get a cheer nor the offer of a drink at the sailors' tavern outside the Shipping Office, though there were plenty of us to give three times three and a rouser to Captain Hawkes, and even to Bunty Benn, the rabbit-faced second mate.

Perkins drew his two years' pay in chinking gold and rustling notes. A modern first mate would have considered it chicken-feed, for Perkins' pay was less than eight pounds a month, plus odd pickings that amounted to little enough. He counted it over twice, rammed his iron-hard bowler tighter over a brow like corrugated iron roofing, and favoured us with his usual sardonic leer.

"That's that," he grated, and lurched out into the street, destination unknown, not even guessed at. And you could feel the crew's hatred follow him, for all the world like an evil miasma.

IT had been a hellish voyage, no error. Outward to the Barbary Coast had been bad enough, with Perkins slave-driving us to the point of madness, working us up with a curdled frenzy that turned all hands into potential murderers. The *Lorelei* was a hoodoo-ship at the best of times, having been launched on a Friday, and killing seven honest men as she left the slipway. She was undermanned, too—and we lost two men in the Channel snifter that welcomed us to the winter Atlantic; that threw added weight on the survivors' shoulders; but Silas Perkins was determined the ship should be run as if she carried a man o' war size crew.

He gave us no rest, with a tongue like vitriol and two busy fists that could have bruised holes in an armour-plate. He had a trick of finding out our private weaknesses and playing on them, applying the spur where it hurt most damnably; he was as coarse-souled as a drunken beachcomber, nothing was sacred to him. We hated him, yes—but it was nothing to the hatred he bred with the homeward-bound crew we shipped to replace the older crowd, who deserted to a man the night we tied up in San Francisco Bay.

THE newcomers were Barbary Coast scum, and that praises them, taking everything by and large. They were the refuse from that rubbish heap; the kind the whale-ships refused to take. And all because Bully Perkins' name had bred a stink along the waterfront that nothing could nullify.

Our homeward crew came aboard feet first—dead to the world, as conscious men would never have crossed the *Lorelei's* gangway. I tell you, Perkins' name was like the blast of a ton of dynamite!

The first mate took this awkward squad in hand before we dropped the pilot. Some, sobering up, showed fight, but never twice. How one man tamed them I never could make out; sheer, one-ideaed ruthlessness, it was. If a deck-hand showed reluctance to shin aloft in a hurry, Perkins downed him scientifically, then slung him over his shoulder like a sack of shavings and carried him up aloft, leaving him there to cling on and work, or fall and be damned. In a while the paper-backed shysters learnt how to hold on and how to hand reef and steer—gardeners, sewing-machine agents or whatever they might have been in a previous existence.

Even when they improved they were given no rest, no sort of ease. The dominant note abroad, downing down even the noisiest storm-wind, was Perkins' harsh roar, and it blared out at all hours—day and night alike; as if trying to rip the plankings off the decks.

He had a diabolical ingenuity in devising jobs to keep would-be loafers active. If the weather were foul enough to forbid normal sailorizing work around the decks, he had the watches heave the main bower cables, flake them out under the fo'c'sle head, and chip and scrape them until they shone like silver. Back-aching, brutal labour, if you like! And every rust stain on the deck-planking had to be holy-stoned clear, no matter if we were shipping it green over both sides at once.

HE aimed a particular lot of his vitriolic spite at me; and I never understood why. I was senior apprentice—cadets we liked to call ourselves; maybe he suffered from inferiority complex and resented our better education than his own. I wouldn't know—he was as close-mouthed as an oyster, except when letting us have his gushing broadsides. Swear? All the troops in Flanders couldn't have equalled his own personal ability!

He held me responsible for the behaviour of all the cadets; if any one of them fell short I got it where it hurt. As senior apprentice I flattered myself I had at any rate half-learnt my trade; he humiliated me in every fresh task he found for me to perform. He'd put one of the 'Frisco deadbeats on to real sailorizing work and give me a job baling out the forepeak bilges; and if I showed angry at the unfairness, all I got was that mocking, sardonic grin behind a straggling moustache.

"I'll teach you skulpings a thing or two, believe you me!" he raged at us of the half-deck crowd. And he did—though he didn't expect to. He taught us to work when he was below as if his malevolent eye were still on us. He hung his cheesecutter cap on a belaying-pin in the poop rail, and that cap, representing his authority, kept us scared cold. The scuttle of his cabin faced out on the main deck, and, at times when a decent-minded mate would be sound asleep, Mr. Perkins' face would show up at the scuttle, watching—watching.

It was our finer feelings he grated on most, perhaps. Some of us had our sweethearts' portraits pinned up in our bunks, or pictures of our homes and people we singled out as being specials; or little keepsakes given us by the West Coast girls; and, although he had no right to intrude into our quarters, he did cross the weather-sill, claiming it was his job to see we kept our quarters as clean as he expected the rest of the ship to be kept—fine weather or foul—and once inside, he would sneer and jeer and make poisoned remarks about our little idols. He gave

ALL the bubbling femininity crowded who'd done the work, only for the

an opprobrious name to the wench I'd rushed when in the *Sacramento* on one such day, and it had me out of my bunk like a bromleykite on a dead Malay.

"Mate or no mate," said I, "you'll come out on deck and pay for that!" For all answer he made a slogging swipe at me, kicked my feet from under me, and—he had his seaboots on—stamped me almost halfway through the deck

Illustrations by Jarndon

the poop, and none had eyes for us skipper, who did the window-dressing

before I could get upright again.

"I'll teach you, young scrimshanker!" he said, breathing heavily through his nose. So I swung a haymaker at him, which he put aside as if a girl had tried to pay him; and after that, he mopped the deck with me good and proper. He didn't fight fair, of course—it wasn't in him to do that; no holds were barred in his curriculum; and may I be shot for a soldier if, having wrapped me around my own neck until my eyes bulged, he didn't order me aloft to the main royal yard, and the weather touching zero, and in my watch below, at that!

After that, I sang smaller than a croupy canary; and worked doubly hard, since only so could I dodge his malefic bitterness. Working so gave me a keener interest in the job than ever I'd believed possible. And once Mr. Perkins saw that I was scotched as a trouble-maker, he concentrated his venom on others, until even the weariest beachcomber grew galvanized, and grew callouses on his palms. Yes, the *Lorelei* became nothing better than a veritable slave-ship. If the port watch did slacken on any particular occasion—as sometimes happened still, even after weeks of training—the first mate had a trick of accosting the Peggy at the galley-door, whither he'd gone to collect the deckhands' hash. Perkins would tear the mess-kits from him, sniff them, then heave the contents over the side.

"Not fit for pigs!" he'd snarl, "so you swine get none this good man's day!" That was that—we went hungry; and, what's more, we tautened up our activities until even that prince of fault-finders could find no fault to condemn. Of course, he did not stop his critical reviews of our behaviour; but they were a little tempered. Instead of heaving iron belaying pins at our luckless heads, he threw wooden ones.

THE weather worsened as we ratched sullenly down towards Cape Horn and the decks were awash with ice-cold brine for twenty-four hours of every day. It was "stand-by" weather for any man's ship, you'd think; but the *Lorelei* roughnecks got no ease. The cables shone like jewellery in a five-and-ten cent store; the decks—where the sea-slime hadn't clung—were whiter than any hound's tooth; the paint was well-nigh washed off the steel of the bulwarks and masts; and we moved around in sluicing water to our waists; with life-lines ranged fore and aft to save us from being swept over the side to choking death. Not that our Mr. Perkins cared the toss of a bad flapjack what happened to us as individuals; but, as a working crew, he needed us for what might be expected in Sixty South, so he had the life-savers stretched—and not a minute too soon. Then he ordered us under hatches to scale and paint the deck-beams, lying back flat on the cargo, and choking in the fumes of the guttering slush-lamps.

The crash and shudder of falling seas above our heads was about the only sound we heard beyond the gride and screech of the scrapers and the rattle of the chipping hammers; and the lively movements of the ship, ratching southward against a dead-muzzler as she was, reminded us that any minute might see her capsize and us wastrels below trapped like rats.

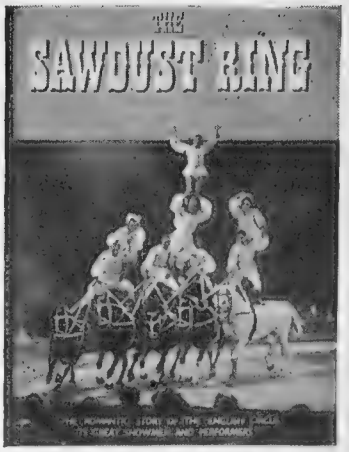
This is more or less what happened, except that the *Lorelei* didn't quite capsize; she went over on her beam-ends, her cargo tore through the shifting-boards to leeward, and there she lay, wave-swept like a half-tide rock. First intimation we below got that anything worse than usual was happening was when Perkins' bull-like roar came down an opened hatch—

"Hands on deck, you soldiers—all hands save ship!" By the time we reached the open, he had an axe in his hands and was hacking like a maniac at the rigging—the order being to let the masts go by the board, so that the ship might be given a fighting chance to survive.

AFTER that, life was a serial nightmare, not living at all. There was no rest, just as there was no mercy. We snarled that the ship being a helpless wreck, all that (*Continued on page* 75)

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen



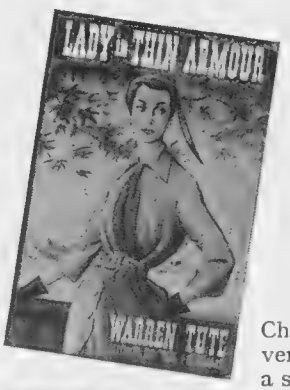
UNDIES

A DELICATE subject, undies. As C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington gravely forewarn in their **"History of Underclothes"** (Michael Joseph, 30s.): "The historian must regard it as unfortunate that underclothes are so generally associated with eroticism, often to a pathological extent; and it may well be that writers have hesitated to expand on a topic which might suggest that their interest is of that nature."

Perish the thought! Nothing could be further from their dignified approach to these six centuries of evolution. It is we others who are to blame, seeing that evolution as a development from sackcloth and ashes to scanties and pashes, and thankful that undies, which started so crudely, have become gossamer works of art, a poet's dream. In that, egad, we *have* improved. (I refer, of course, to ladies' such as one sees in shop windows; this book also covers gents', which personally I find boring.)

A host of period pictures decorate this fine example of artistic bookcraft. Perhaps the tight-lacing ones are most amusing.

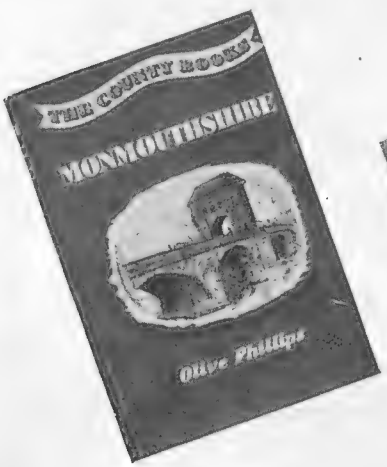
ANYONE who has broadcast in "In Town Tonight" must have noticed how patiently and tactfully editor-producer Peter Duncan handles newcomers to the "mike." These, as well as celebrities, figure in his inside story of this popular radio feature, **"In Town Tonight"** (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.). One old boy about to go on the air proved to be so shortsighted that he couldn't read his script. He had memorized the newspaper column he pretended to read as a test at the first interview! Scriptwriter George Fuller had to re-do his story in half-inch letters and lend him his own glasses. Among the famous is a story of air pioneer Lord Brabazon of Tara telling Mr. Duncan that, as chairman of the Air Registration Board granting airworthy certificates, he rarely flew nowadays because, while he knew the planes were all right, he also knew what could go wrong. "That's all very well," he added as Peter eyed photographs of the old suicide machines on the walls. "I'd a piece of string in my pocket then." A roaring chapter about Danny Kaye—as scat in the studio as in his act—tops the anecdotes of stage and screen stars. The book is alive all through because Mr. Duncan sees his job as a great adventure.



HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S anecdotes are of the mellower vintage kind appropriate to his gracious Widcombe Manor, Bath, which I had the pleasure of visiting—once, as Wilde might add. At a Bath Festival gathering of some fifty writers he was asked: Would he like a glass of milk? "If the glass," he replied, "were full of Bristol milk, I should drink the nectar thankfully." Ten minutes later he was sipping a brown sherry, with all the others glaring. **"More From Methuselah"** (Hutchinson, 16s.), in which he chats of people, books, passing events, reflects this favoured-party humour, for he is a lucky veteran. But he mustn't worry so about the misdoings of the Lefties, who will never conquer Bath . . . well, not in his lifetime.

A JEW who tells old friends that he has become a Christian usually hears an exclamatory "Oh!" and it is about this "Oh!" that Karl Stern was moved to write his apologia, **"The Pillar of Fire"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.). A small-town boy in southern Bavaria, he went into medicine, took up psychiatry, saw the worst of Nazi tyranny, fled to England, and now practises in Montreal. Though greatly influenced by Jacques Maritain, it took him ten years to accept the divinity of Christ. This earnest account of his conversion to Catholicism is in the nature of a spiritual autobiography and will deeply interest serious thinkers.

WE have had a spate of books about the Royal Family, but **"Royal Album"** (Hutchinson, 25s.) out-royals them all. It is a large, handsome tome edited by H. Tatlock Miller, designed and decorated by Loudon Sainthill, packed with fine photographs, prints, and art colourplates. Arthur Bryant writes on the Royal Family, Hector Bolitho on the Houses, Denys Sutton on the King's Pictures, Margaret Jourdain on the Collections, James Laver on Court Dress, Mollie Sands on (*Continued on page* 85)



WEDDING LORE

FEW people realize how many of the traditions of the conventional wedding have their origin in heathen practices. Who would imagine that the Best Man, pink and polite in his unaccustomed morning clothes, is a survival from the days when a warrior carried off his bride by force? The earliest marriages were conducted in true caveman style: if a man wished for a wife outside his own tribe, he would set out with a trusted warrior—his best man—and wait in ambush for the young woman.

Bridal wreaths of orange blossom were used by the Saracens long before the Crusaders warred in the Holy Land. The heavy bearing orange tree was a symbol of fertility and its white flower of innocence. Its use in English weddings, however, is comparatively recent, for it was not until the early nineteenth century that this custom reached us from France.

The pawky humour of tying an old shoe to the honeymoon car needs some explaining. Among oriental peoples the shoe used to be a symbol of possession and parental authority—quite possibly because it was used (as the bedroom slipper was used by Victorian papas) to administer punishment to unruly offspring. At early Anglo-Saxon weddings, the father of the bride would hand the shoe to the groom who would then tap his bride smartly on the head with it to show that he was now the man in authority.

Many women regard their wedding rings with superstitious awe and yet for the purposes of the Christian marriage service a piece of twisted wire will serve as well; on more than one occasion when a nervous bridegroom has fumblingly dropped the ring and seen it (with what cold, anxious horror!) roll down a grating, the marriage has been solemnized with the handle of the church key.

To-day one glances automatically at the third finger of a woman's left hand to see whether she is married, yet why should a wedding ring be worn on this particular finger? It may be argued that this is the finger least in use and thus the ring is least likely to be damaged, but there is a less practical reason. The Greeks chose this finger because they believed a powerful nerve ran directly from it to the heart. It was called the Medicated Finger and used for stirring dangerous potions since it was thought that the nerve or vein would give instant warning of any poison.

THROWING rice and confetti is another pagan custom, probably dating back to early Roman weddings when the bride carried three ears of corn in honour of the great Earth Mother, the goddess Ceres. In England, in the Middle Ages, a wreath of corn was still carried to the church by the bride and after the ceremony grains of wheat were scattered by the wedding guests. The grain was then picked up and eaten out of compliment to the bride, and this was the origin of the wedding cake, for soon little wheaten biscuits were substituted as being rather more palatable.

By the time of Queen Elizabeth, small cakes had taken the place of biscuits, which were scattered over the bride as she crossed the threshold of her new home. Young unmarried girls took their wedding-cake home untasted and slept with it under their pillows—as they still do to-day—hoping to see the face of their future husband in their dreams. With the Restoration and the influx of foreign pastrycooks the splendid rococo iced wedding-cake at last took its place.

So to-day, the superstition of ancient pagan peoples lingers on as an expression of goodwill, a way of "blessing the bride."

Princess Elizabeth's Dressmakers

by

Rosemary Chubb

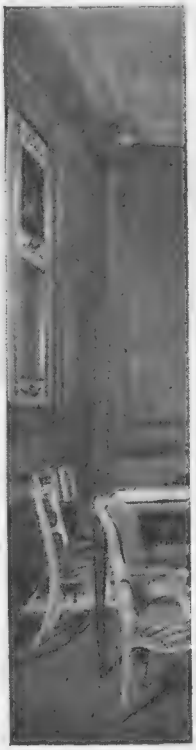
Norman Hartnell's genius is perhaps best known by his beautiful picture dresses. He designed the evening gown in which Her Royal Highness sat to the photographer Karsh and the crinoline dress she wore at an evening function this summer, both of white satin embroidered with pearls, diamanté and gold thread

SHORTLY after the announcement of Princess Elizabeth's visit to Canada and the United States came the news that Mr. Hardy Amies had been asked to design and make some of her clothes for the visit.

To almost every woman in England, this was of immense interest, because everything that Princess Elizabeth does is a matter of appreciative comment and speculation. Her African tour, her visit to Paris with Prince Philip had both been big news, not only in themselves, but as fashion events. During those times, her pictures appeared everywhere, and the lovely clothes made for her by Mr. Norman Hartnell were admired at home and abroad. For her first visit to that immensely clothes-conscious continent—the "New World"—Mr. Hartnell is again to make many outfits for Her Royal Highness, but Mr. Amies is also to contribute his designs to her wardrobe for this important though "unofficial" tour.

In the years that he has designed clothes for the Queen and the Princesses, Norman Hartnell has become a front-page figure. Hardy Amies' name is less well known outside the small circle of high fashion, and many people have felt a great curiosity to know more of him. What was he like? What was the background behind his great success? What kind of clothes did he design?

First and foremost, Hardy Amies looks and acts not in the least like the couturier of fiction. His manner is calm and equable, his enthusiasms well under control. His picture shows him to be the balanced, successful young business man he is. His good looks are typically English, his personal charm is great, and the wit which flickers through his



Now that Hardy Amies shares with Norman Hartnell the distinction of designing clothes for H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, interest is focused on this new personality in the Royal firmament

conversation makes him an immensely agreeable person to be with.

He was born in London. From his father, who was an architect, he inherits a superb feeling for proportion and good line, and a determination that anything he does must be structurally right. His mother was a vendeuse at a Court Dressmaking house in Brook Street—from her comes his excellent understanding of good fabrics and good fashion. As a boy, he spent some years on the Continent, where he learned to speak perfect French and German, At twenty-one he returned to London, and showed such a real flair for designing clothes that he was offered the post just vacated by Digby Morton as designer at the house of Lachasse.

Just when he had begun to dream of founding a house of his own, war started, and Mr. Amies volunteered. Then came years of hard, fascinating work with the Intelligence Corps before demobilization in 1945.

With a name already made, back he went to designing, but this time it was to be on his own. He found the perfect house to be a setting for his clothes—14 Savile Row, which appealed to him not only for its intrinsic beauty, but because it had been at one time the home of Sheridan; for the eighteenth century has always been Mr. Amies' best-loved period of English history in art and architecture. But this house, like so many of the lovely buildings in London, was horribly battered by the bombing during the war, and permits and materials hard to get in those days. In January, 1946, Mr. Amies and his small staff were ready with their first collection —although the decorators were still crawling around his showroom laying the carpets. It was a great success. From then on, Hardy Amies has never looked back.

IF you were to go to a collection at 14 Savile Row, you would walk into a place which has, at Mr. Amies' wish, kept the character of a private house rather than a fashionable couturier. The lovely old rooms are panelled, and filled with soft colours, flowers, and charming eighteenth-century furniture. His showroom is like a very pleasant drawing-room, and his models are shown therefore in much the same setting as that in which they will eventually be worn. This is clever as clothes, if they are to be correctly judged, should never be divorced from their surroundings.

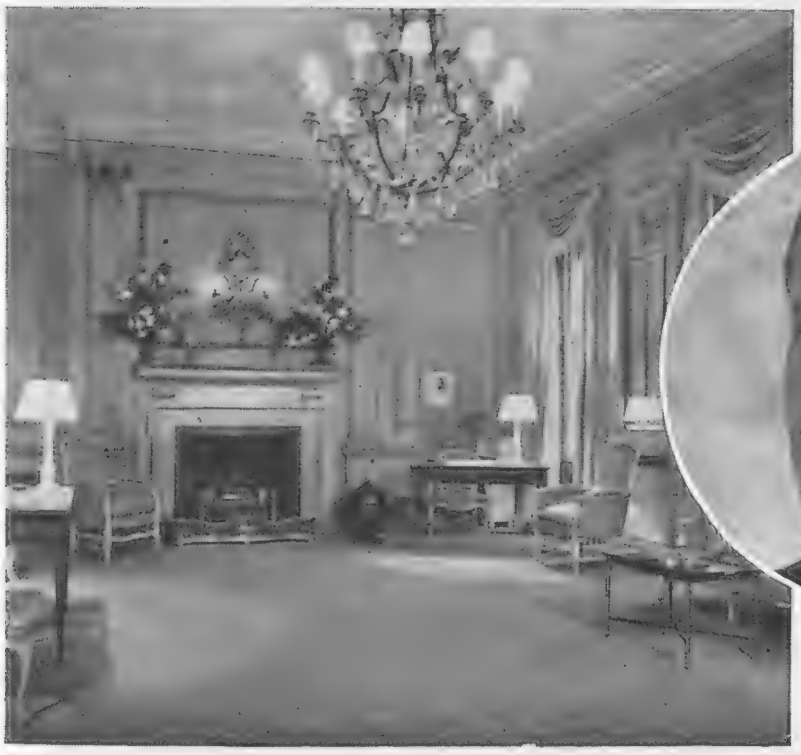
In this peaceful, unflustering atmosphere (so different from the emotional uproar of some foreign fashion houses) you would see clothes which are the outcome of a keenly observant mind allied to a various and flexible talent. Hardy Amies designs *logical* clothes—simple and dignified, perfectly suited to the English climate and way of life. His suits are famous, for he made his name by them. Using beautiful wools for winter, or heavy silks and linens for summer, he manages to combine softness of feeling with a clear-cut, incisive line which makes a suit unmistakably his.

He loves to make huge topcoats—really dramatic affairs often in brilliant colours, with yards of cloth to wrap and swoop around; likes lining his coats with vivid contrasting satins. His town clothes are elegant and luxurious, in soft, rich materials. He uses a great deal of black, and designs many apparently simple outfits which are, in fact, miracles of ingenious cutting, and a perfect background for jewellery.

He never makes the mistake of designing clothes just as *clothes*—to him, they are an integral part of the social fabric and pattern of an age; in this, of course, he follows one of the great principals of art and architecture down the centuries.

If you were to ask him how he likes a woman to look, he would probably say that actual beauty is secondary to charm, good grooming, and the casual elegance only to be obtained by putting on exactly the right clothes and then forgetting about them.

This, then, is the new personality in the Royal firmament. Hardy Amies, the townsman who loves to live in the country; the able business man who worships the grace and leisurely charm of the eighteenth century; the couturier who cannot draw or paint; the wit who is enchanted with a tiny present on his birthday; and the very able wartime lieutenant-colonel whose post-war clothes have been of such consistent excellence that they have brought him the great and deserved honour of designing, now, for H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.



The panelled showroom at 14 Savile Row provides a perfect setting for Hardy Amies' famous tailleurs and dramatic evening clothes. The velvet coat and lace evening dress appeared in his last collection; their creator, in appearance, is far from the couturier of popular imagination

RESISTANCE MOVEMENT

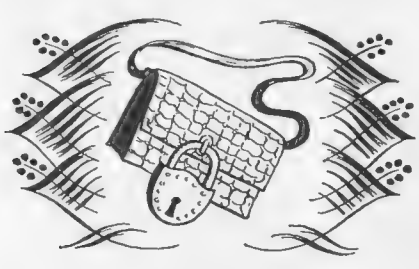
by Lorna Lewis

IN former days we grumbled and enjoyed it, for our moans were largely without real grounds; but lately we have grumbled with justification. The customer, and the housewife in particular, alternately glorified and abused by public opinion, has been forced to settle down to a perpetual grievance over those too familiar foes, shortages, controls, high prices and rising costs.

Looking round the home markets to-day, it is possible to point to some easing of the customers' burden which may bring temporary comfort, though it is still unwise to make prophecies about the future; indeed, one of the biggest textile organizations when approached did not feel able even to comment briefly on the present situation though it has itself made commendable steps towards lower prices. Such rays of light as there are spring from two sources: positive action by manufacturers and wholesaler made possible by changes in world market prices, and an awareness on the part of the customer herself that, strange though it may seem, she is in a strong position to-day.

The cutting of wool prices brought the limelight on to what had been an all-round sticky situation. Roughly, warehouse and retail stores were packed out with supplies which customers couldn't afford to buy while desperately needing the goods. Knitting wool prices were cut up to as much as 10d. an ounce, and this was followed by a metaphorical slash in blankets. At the same time a lowering of cotton waste prices gave hopes of a reduction in the high cost of various cotton-wool goods.

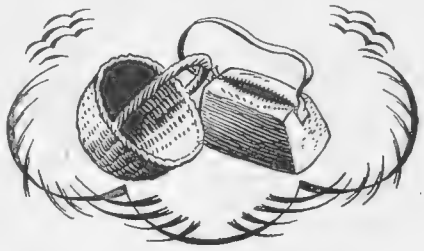
There are indications that another of



our "basics," the leather industry, may also be in an easier position soon, for hides are said to be more plentiful, partly because of a large-scale release of piled-up stocks all the world over. It may not be unduly optimistic to suggest that there may be reductions in shoe repair costs as well as in the price of shoes, or at least that we shall get better leather for our money in the future.

In this connection do let us take what cheer we may by reminding ourselves that rising costs sometimes mean better value; and that a Board of Trade increase in Utility Ceiling Prices does not necessarily mean that all goods shoot up in price at once. In the boot and shoe trade, for instance, leading firms have made great efforts to keep certain popular lines below the permitted ceiling prices; while to take only one example from the clothing industry, although the maximum Board of Trade skirt price went up by twenty-five per cent this year, at least one skirt manufacturer advertised: "No price increase."

While there seem no signs so far that cotton, rayon or nylon will vary much in price for the present—though markets change so rapidly that we might expect anything any day—the customer might remember here that research is going on all the time into improvements in quality. When the National Cotton Board put on its dress show this year, those who saw it were amazed by the increased variety and quality of higher-grade cotton cloths



such as poplin, organdie, corduroy, as well as by the beautiful colourings and good designs. Nylon has made fine headway in spite of Service requirements, while recent shows by the British Rayon Federation have testified especially to attention given to durability and washability.

That the needs of the customer are being closely studied in manufacturing and wholesale circles is shown by the obvious anxiety of firms to get their goods' strong points across to the public. We are wooed with more and more assurances that garments are non-fade, non-shrink, non-felt (for woollen), crease-resistant, pre-shrunk, fade-proof, moth-proof, fast-dyed, and the like; and the discriminating customer who wants value for her money will go for labelled goods which carry these guarantees and should at least feel sure that whatever she spends, it is on a reasonably safe investment. A good brand name still sheds a welcoming beam of light even in dark days.

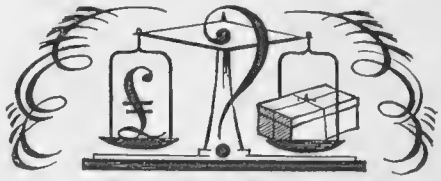
During the past year or so, there has been a tendency for the proportion of Utility to non-Utility goods on the home market to fall, with a consequent *apparent* increase in price in that particular range of merchandise. For example, in 1947 ninety per cent of the towels produced for the home market were Utility. In 1949, the percentage was seventy-four; in 1950 sixty-one. For the same period the proportion of Utility sheets fell from ninety to eighty-two per cent. Few people realize that to-day there is no Government compulsion on the trade to make Utility. Why then is it continued?

The answer is pressure from the consumer, who is attracted by the fact that Utility goods are price-controlled and usually free from tax. The amount of Utility merchandise in the shops is in direct relationship to the demand from the customer.

Utility schemes provide some guarantee of quality for money and in these days, when we have to conserve every ounce of our resources, guarantees of this kind are of immense importance.

As customers we can rest assured that there is a very big drive going on behind the scenes to get the public "purchase-minded" and to give him or her confidence to buy; and whatever private wars over price cuts go on between manufacturers and retailers, the customer should come out top, even though it's an expensive top. For she has power; if she can afford to buy anything to-day she can afford to be critical. She is on the turn of the tide into a "buyer's market" where there are more goods than money; and though she may not realize it, she is being watched and worried over. Both manufacturers and retailers want to, and must, sell their goods. When a Manchester firm cut men's, women's and children's raincoats by sixteen per cent to twenty per cent they said: "We have studied carefully the reaction of the public to the reductions in prices by manufacturers in other trades. We have found that sales increase enormously."

With trade winds blowing in present directions, the intelligent customer who shops with discrimination may be surprised to find that she has some blessings to count.



Muriel Segal discusses what goes to the making of a perfect child portrait

FAMILY PORTRAIT

"WE must have the baby photographed. He 's such a picture ! " And, indeed, he is, even making allowance for every parent's conviction that hers is an exceptional child.

Most babies are photogenic, but to capture the appeal of childhood is one of the more difficult feats of photography. It requires special technique, very carefully adjusted equipment, and superhuman patience on the part of the operator. A love of children and a ready understanding of their reactions is, of course, indispensable, for a good child photographer will patiently watch an infant at play until he catches just the characteristic chuckle, the lift of a dimpled chin or the pathetic pout which portrays babyhood at its sweetest and a particular baby at its most adorable.

Really top-flight baby portraitists, either men or women, are few and far between. This is not surprising, for little features are hardly defined at all, the faint eyebrows, silky curls, creamy flesh-tones, offer no strong contrast. Also, bright lighting effects which help out many a portrait cannot, of course, be used on babies.

The newest and perhaps the most successful method is to have a photographer out to the home to take pictures of the baby in its " natural environment," so to speak. The photographer arrives, usually with a miniature type of camera, so that he can snap-snap while the child is almost unaware.

Out of a wide selection he can then choose the best of dozens of shots for enlargement. He will spend a long while just playing with Baby and getting on to terms, making no attempt to get to work until the child is happy in his presence, relaxed and natural. Meanwhile, he watches, observing the little one's most characteristic gestures, noting the best angles for photographing and which parts of the house or garden promise attractive backgrounds.

If you have an interest and a little knowledge, there is nothing quite so satisfying as to take your own children's pictures, and it has the advantage that you can choose the moment when the subject and the photographer are in the mood and all else is right as well. For all that, home photography is not necessarily cheaper in the end than employing a professional at the present cost of photographic material.

If you choose a professional for the job, your co-operation will give him the best chance for success. Don't dress the child in stiff and unfamiliar clothes. A romper suit or the clothes he is most familiar with are best. For a younger child, arrange the appointment so as not to break up the usual routine ; particularly avoid interfering with the afternoon nap or upsetting the usual meal hour.

A quite promising set-up between subject and photographer is all too often shattered by the mother. Admonitions to " show the dimple on this side " or " wait while I fix that piece of hair," will bring photographer and child nearer to hysteria than the desired perfect portrait.

A low ceiling and small windows might have made this room gloomy, but light walls have avoided this, with coloured prints to animate the white background. The floral cretonne, velvet cushions and mushroom-pink carpet are warm in colour and texture, the settee inviting but not overpowering.

Award for Comfort

MOST of us can recognise a comfortable room when we see it, even though the components which add up to the illusion of comfort defy analysis. Here we have endeavoured to reproduce some comfortable rooms and to analyse the features which make them so.

A light colour-scheme need not be cold and unfriendly. Here are no shiny surfaces or dramatic contrasts to distract the eye from the pleasing gradations of tone.

A fireplace which could so easily have been bleak and insignificant, has built-in bookshelves and delicately proportioned occasional tables and chairs to make it a focal point of comfort.

Strong, warm colours would have been overwhelming in the small bedroom on the left, which is in pastel shades of pink, puce and green. A large bed is the focal feature, with soft headboard, lavishly quilted to give the impression of soft luxury.

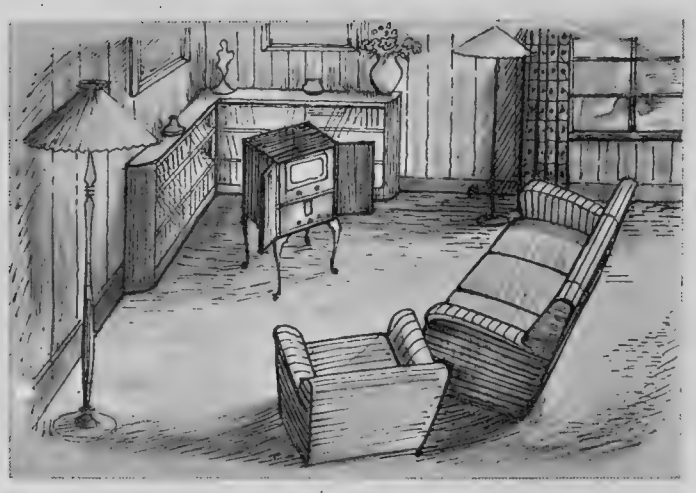
Large rooms are not easy to invest with an appearance of comfort, for wide spaces militate against warmth and intimacy. In the living-room below, concentration of furniture around the fireplace attracts the eye to that inviting circle. This is "a room within a room," the rest providing a background.

The bedroom on the left proves that glamour is not the antithesis of cosiness. Colours and textures which are smooth and pleasing to the eye add up to elegance and comfort. Here velvet has been used for bedcover and for the padded, ruched dressing-table drape, and a rich floral chintz for the curtains. Fitted carpets provide a feeling of tailored cosiness, and the pelmet at ceiling-level with floor-length curtains give the room an impression of richness and grace.

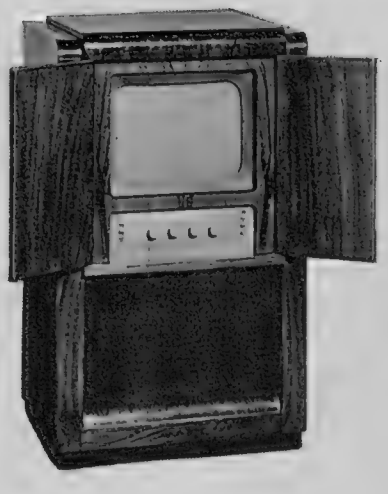
Ladies of Leisure

Even in the busiest life, there are moments of precious relaxation when it is possible to get out of formal clothes and relax in something designed for leisure. Comfortable, warm and yet not négligée, these are the clothes for quiet evenings at home.

The tailored dressing-gown (1), smart and practical as a man's, is in royal blue and white check heavyweight rayon. By Estrava, £5 0s. 6d. A two-piece leisure suit such as this one by Londonus (2) in lightweight wool is perhaps more practical. The batwing-sleeved blouse with white trubenized collar and velvet cravat is £2 14s. 6d., the trousers £8 15s. 9d. For a garment both dainty and warm, the choice is the fluffy pink angora housecoat (3) £8. The Jaeger suit (4) in black and white hound's-tooth check wool is smart enough for informal entertaining at home. The slacks are £6 16s. 6d., waistcoat £3 12s. 6d., and the white wool taffeta blouse to complete the outfit, approximately £2 10s. Another version of the leisure suit (5) in navy wool trimmed with white is designed on more exotic lines. The two pieces can be bought separately, jacket £4 8s. 11d., stovepipe trousers £2 13s. Charming and feminine is the Horrocks Lansil jersey housecoat (6). Full skirt and generous sleeves make for graceful ease. Approximately £10 10s. Black velvet blouse teamed with black wool trousers makes an ensemble for dining at home (7). The blouse, which can do duty with an evening skirt for formal dining, is £2 19s. 11d., the trousers £2 6s.



The ideal siting of a television set in a large room is in a corner, with chairs at a minimum distance of 6 ft. from the set for a 12-in. screen.



English Electric console television set in a walnut cabinet.

R.D.G. combined television and radiogramophone shown with concealing doors open.

For fireside viewing, the set is placed to avoid light from fire.

In a one-room flatlet, a table model placed at eye-level on a book-table, and stack chairs which merge into one when not required, are valuable space savers, while the set is situated to avoid direct light from the window and the writing-desk lamp.

A table model receiver by General Electric, with daylight filter screen.

ORDER TO VIEW

The opening of another television transmitter in the North brings yet more people into the widening circle of television fans. This quiz answers some of the questions which prospective televiewers may ask.

I HAVE postponed buying a television set because one of the more costly sets is beyond my means, and I have the impression that a cheaper one would not meet the required standard of tone and viewing quality. Allowing that the more costly set must obviously be better, have I exaggerated the limitations of the cheaper one? In other words, would it suffice for a moderately exacting taste?

The price of a television set in the main is governed by the size of the picture; quality for quality there is very little difference between the best makes. You must decide what size picture suits your particular needs. If you are a fair distance from the transmitter, a set with a good sensitivity is desirable, and your dealer should be able to advise you. Many dealers are prepared to give a demonstration in your own home so that you can see exactly what your needs will be.

What price am I likely to have to pay for a television set?

The cheapest is 49 gns. An average price for a 12-in. screen set is between £65 and £75, including purchase tax.

What is the best size screen for (a) rooms measuring up to 14 ft. by 16 ft.; (b) rooms measuring up to 20 ft. by 30 ft.?

(*a*) 10-in. to 12-in. screens; (*b*) 12-in. to 15-in., or what are known as projection models, with pictures up to 19 in. by 14 in.

WHERE is the best position in the room to put the set (a) from the point of view of the picture; (b) of the maximum number of people being able to see it?

In a corner not immediately opposite a window or an artificial light, so that (*a*) the light does not shine directly on to the screen, and (*b*) so that a wide semi-circle of chairs can be arranged in front of the set. It is no longer necessary to have complete darkness for viewing. Normal room lighting or daylight will not interfere with the television picture so long as light is not shining directly on to the screen.

I am quite out of touch with viewing and none of my friends happen to be television fans. How much truth is there in the stories one hears of distorted vision and thunderous "noises off"?

Within the recognised range of reception and given a properly installed set with a suitable aerial for local conditions, there should be no distorted vision and "noises off."

We live on a busy main road with constant traffic noises. Does this mean that comfortable televiewing is quite impossible for us? Would an expensive set overcome the difficulty of interference?

This question is related to the first question. Some sets have circuits which may do more to minimise interference than others, but the main safeguard against interference from traffic is a properly sited aerial high up.

A TELEVISION set represents a considerable capital outlay. Do you consider that the quality of the programme justifies the cost, speaking as for people less than highbrow in their tastes, but easily sickened of trashy entertainment?

As there is only one television programme as yet, viewers cannot expect to have everything exactly to their taste during the whole transmissions. If the viewer gets two or three items to his taste through the week, his capital outlay is probably justified, considering the number of people in the family and circle of friends who will enjoy these transmissions. Many viewers consider that the outlay is worthwhile for the outside broadcasts alone. Even so, the capital outlay is not much in relation to a year's expenditure on regular visits to the theatre and cinema.

A combined television receiver and all-wave auto-radiogram by H.M.V. which provides clear pictures in normal room lighting or daylight.

SNUG FOR THE WINTER

Cap and Mitt Set.

MITTS

With blue wool, cast on 56 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Now work holes as follows :

* K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * ending k. 1, p. 1. Cast on a st. at beg. of next row to make 57 sts. and work as follows :

1st row.—K. all blue. **2nd row.**—P. all blue.

3rd row.—(K.) 1 blue, * 1 contrast, 5 blue, repeat from * ending 1 b.

4th row.—(P.) * 3 c., 3 b., repeat from * ending 3 c.

5th row (K.) k. all b. **6th row.**—P. all blue.

7th row.—(K.) 4 b., * 1 c., 5 b., repeat from * ending 4 b.

8th row.—(P.) * 3 b., 3 c., repeat from * ending 3 b.

Repeat these 8 rows until there are 3½ ins. pattern. Now work on half the sts. (28) as follows :

* K. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 5 (24 sts.). P. next row. * K. 2 tog., k. 4, repeat from * ending k. 2 tog. (20 sts.). P. next row. Cast off. Return to other half and work the same, but k. 2 tog. twice at beg. of the first row as there is one more st. this side. Work another piece the same.

THE THUMBS (two alike)

With blue wool, cast on 2 sts. K. them, p. them.

Next row.—K. twice into both sts. **Next row.**—P. **Next row.**—K. twice into first and last st. **Next row.**—P. **Next row.**—K. Repeat these last 4 rows so that increases are made every other k. row (every 4th row) until there are 16 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Now k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog. P. next row. K. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog. P. next row. Gather up remaining sts. Fasten off.

MATERIALS

Materials required for this cap and mitt set are 1½ ozs. 3-ply Bairns-wear lamb's-wool in blue and a small amount of the same wool in contrasting colour ; one pair No. 11 needles. To fit a child of one to two years.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up ribbed wrists. Sew shaped part of thumb on both sides between join of glove directly above the holes. Sew straight part of thumb together. Finish sewing up glove. Make a twisted cord of both colours and woolly balls, and sew balls on after threading.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Tailored Bedjacket.

MATERIALS

This bedjacket takes 9 ozs. Golden Eagle "Polynit" 4-ply knitting wool, and one pair each of No. 7 and No. 10 needles. Width across the shoulders, unstretched, is 15½ ins.

BACK

On No. 7 needles, cast on 100 sts. * Work 22 rows garter st. (k. every row). Change to No. 10 needles, and work 4 rows stocking st. (k. right side, p. wrong side of work). Repeat from *. These 26 rows form the pattern. Continue straight until work measures 10 ins.

Shape armholes.—Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the following 4 rows. Continue straight until armhole measures 8½ ins.

Shape shoulders.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining 28 sts.

LEFT FRONT

On No. 7 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in pattern as on back until work measures 10 ins.

Shape armholes.—At the right edge cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the row. Keep the left edge straight. Dec. 1 st. at the right edge every alternate row 4 times. Continue straight until armhole measures 6¾ ins.

Shape for neck.—At left edge cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the row. Keep the right edge straight. Next alternate row, cast off 4 sts. at left edge. On 3 alternate following rows, cast off 2 sts. at left edge. Dec. by 1 st. on the following 3 alternate rows at left edge. Continue straight until armhole measures 9 ins.

Shape shoulders.—At armhole edge cast off 9 sts. in next and following alternate row. Cast off remaining 10 sts. at armhole edge in next alternate row.

RIGHT FRONT

Work right front to correspond with armhole shaping on left and neck shaping on right.

SLEEVES

Work a cuff which is finally turned inwards, thus : On No. 10 needles, cast on 38 sts. Work 6 rows garter st. Purl next row on the right

(*Continued on page* 82)

Comfy Under A Coat

IN a busy life, a good wool dress to wear under a fur coat is a basic need for the winter. Ideally it should be warm and easy to wear yet, when the coat is discarded it should appear undishevelled and elegant in its own right and equal to every occasion. To fulfil these needs it must be simple enough to make a good background for varying accessories and able to stand up to hard wear without crumpling.

Here is a choice of three such dresses. The jersey wool on the right in steel grey features a contrasting boat shaped yoke and cuffs in Gayline fabric which has a raised stripe on a ground exactly matching the main fabric. About £6 17s. 6d. Left below is a star-checked dressweight tweed, a button-through with interesting pockets and a collar outlined with piqué (£7 13s. 4d.). Next to it is a chalk stripe dressweight tweed in stone and brown with a double breasted fastening and a pure silk chiffon hanky in the breast pocket (£6 16s. 0d.).

Send a stamped, addressed envelope please for more details of these dresses to BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

FEMINA

HERSHELLE

LADY IN TWEED

Keep Moving

WINTER is the season of long, cosy hours round the fire, when outdoor activities are exchanged for the kind of pastimes that go with armchairs and lamplight. It is possible that some of the ills of winter are perhaps associated with this abrupt change from summer activity to sedentary winter, particularly as evidence is always forthcoming that it is not bad weather alone which is responsible for the seasonal epidemics of coughs and sneezes.

Men, who are naturally sport conscious, take the switch-over from summer to winter rather more sensibly than most women. They exchange white flannels and the comparative immobility of the cricket pitch for shorts and frenzy on the rugger field. Women, on the other hand, who put in strenuous work on the tennis courts under a blazing sun, tend to collapse into a fireside chair in the winter and take to needlework, which only keeps the fingers nimble.

It is not for lack of winter sports suited to the feminine temperament and physique. Tennis, for instance, goes on, summer and winter, on hard courts, and there are always squash courts for those in search of winter exercise. Golf and riding take you into the air, if a walk in the winter mists is no incentive in its own right.

THEN, in search of exercise as against fresh air, there is always dancing and fencing. Dancing needs no advocate, but fencing deserves more popularity than it gets. It is an elegant accomplishment and as a training in deportment and poise it has no equal, otherwise it would not appear in the curriculum of a stage training.

But why take any exercise at all when there is enough fresh air coming in with the draught under the door? Exercise stimulates the whole body, keeps the brain alert and helps the blood circulation, an important factor in keeping warm and fit in cold weather. It helps to control that ounce or two of overweight and it overcomes shallow breathing.

Permanent Problems

MOST women who are going to, have by now had at least one home perm and have experience of it for themselves at first-hand. Those who have found it only moderately successful will be interested to know of the latest refinements in home perming methods.

The two most common criticisms have been that the wave did not last well, or that the hair became over-dry as a result of the perm. These two complaints have now been answered by a new preparation called a neutralizer booster which is used

Keep Fit

Shallow breathers take in about one-fourth of the oxygen needed for perfect health which is a great deal less than that available even in a stuffy room. Without its full supply of oxygen, the blood is not wholly purified and waste matter is therefore returned to the system with devastating effects upon the complexion, for one thing. Oxygen is required to maintain the body temperature during a cold spell, so that the deeper you breathe, the less susceptible you will be to the cold. Exercise creates the habit of deep breathing, of which the body will feel the benefit all the time, even when you are not consciously breathing deeply.

BUT don't imagine that violent bouts of exercise taken at the weekend will clear the complexion and the head, slim and supple the figure and generally make a new woman of you all at once. It will go towards it, of course, but a surer and safer way towards physical top-tone is something gentler, well within your physical powers, performed regularly. That is where the housewife has the advantage over the office worker. Her daily round keeps her moving and keeps her fit, while the office worker, starved of air and physical activity during the week, is apt to plunge into exhaustive sessions at the weekend.

It need not come down to the daily dozen, if you can find a hobby which offers the equivalent physical stimulus. The chances are the daily dozen, which is a bore, will be forgotten, long after the hobby which you enjoy is still keeping you moving and keeping you fit.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

in conjunction with the neutralizing solution.

The neutralizing solution, of course, contains the chemicals which stop the action of the waving lotion and lock the curl in place, returning the hair from a more or less plastic state to a firm but elastic condition. The booster strengthens the action of the neutralizer not only locking the wave pattern more quickly and more permanently, but actually conditioning the hair at the same time.

Post-perm dryness is due to an over-alkaline condition of the hair. In counteracting the alkaline, the booster leaves the hair soft and healthy, looking and feeling more like naturally curly hair. The hair is left soft and silky, and the waves are more permanent than before.

PORES are the outer openings of the sebaceous glands or grease glands. In the normal skin they can scarcely be seen and it is only when something goes wrong and the pores become enlarged that they become a beauty problem.

It is quite wrong to think of the pores as *holes* in the skin. They are actually indentations, the skin itself forming, as it were, a lining to the pores. Everybody knows that the skin is continually discarding dead cells from the outer surface, which are washed away in the normal course of events. This exfoliation also occurs inside the pores where soap and water cannot penetrate. Through the action of the grease gland, the dead cells are broken down releasing a tiny drop of oil in the process. In the healthy skin, the oil is pushed to the surface by the formation of successive cells, and this is the mechanism by which the outer skin is kept lubricated and supple.

All goes well while the grease gland is functioning at a normal rate and the opening of the pore remains a normal size. But should the gland begin to over-function, or the pore opening become smaller, (a double action which often happens for instance in adolescence), then trouble begins. It is this double action which causes clogged pores. The grease plug thus formed blackens where exposed to the air and the result is a blackhead.

TO cure this tendency to blackheads and clogged pores, it is necessary to remove the deep accumulation of grease, which in turn discourages the overworking of the gland. The modern method is by means of a grease solvent which when applied to the skin will dissolve out the grease plug in the pores.

Grease solvent is excellent for correcting an open-pored condition in greasy skins, but, of course, it cannot be used on dry skins. Oiliness, over-dryness and coarsening of the pores together occur in the acid skin. Treatment here should consist of an anti-acid lotion which draws out the grease and acid wastes from under the surface of the skin, leaving the pores clean and free to function normally.

Economising Current

MANY householders find it difficult to keep electricity or gas consumption in check One can see the contents of the coal cellar visibly shrinking and regulate consumption accordingly. But any commodity which comes through a meter goes on ticking away and it is not until the account comes in that extravagances come to light.

The meter downstairs needs to be watched—read it once a week and keep a good grip on the consumption it records.

It is important, however, to have a right sense of proportion with regard to the consuming properties of domestic appliances. With electricity, fortunately, you can soon check this, as every lamp, heater or other appliance has a label somewhere which gives this important information. It tells you the number of watts it uses. Remember that 1,000 watts used in one hour is equal to one unit of electricity. So, therefore, a 100-watt lamp uses one unit in ten hours or a 500-watt iron one unit in two hours, and so on.

Get to know the consumption of each appliance you have in the home. Don't be misled as some people are into thinking that a vacuum cleaner uses a lot of current because it makes a lot of noise! And consider, too, the number of hours an appliance is used. You will not save much, for example, by putting small bulbs into lavatories or bathrooms.

The biggest current users are not the little gadgets, the cleaner, the iron or the hair-dryer, but the appliances which give heat such as fires and other kinds of room or water-warming appliances. They are liable to be left on long after they are needed and many of them use as much as two units in an hour. Watch the electric heaters—like any other heater which can be brought into use quickly by tap or switch they can run up costs.

A room thermostat is useful for achieving economy without austerity in the use of electric fires. The thermostat is plugged into the socket from which the fire is controlled and it ensures that the room temperature remains constant without using more current than is strictly necessary.

THERE is small chance of waste with an electric cooker, as no one intentionally leaves the oven or boiling plates switched on after cooking is finished, but there are ways of economising by utilizing the oven for cooking a full meal, by using one boiling plate for simmering three saucepans (you can you know!), or by making use of the retained heat in the oven after the current has been switched off, for slow cooking.

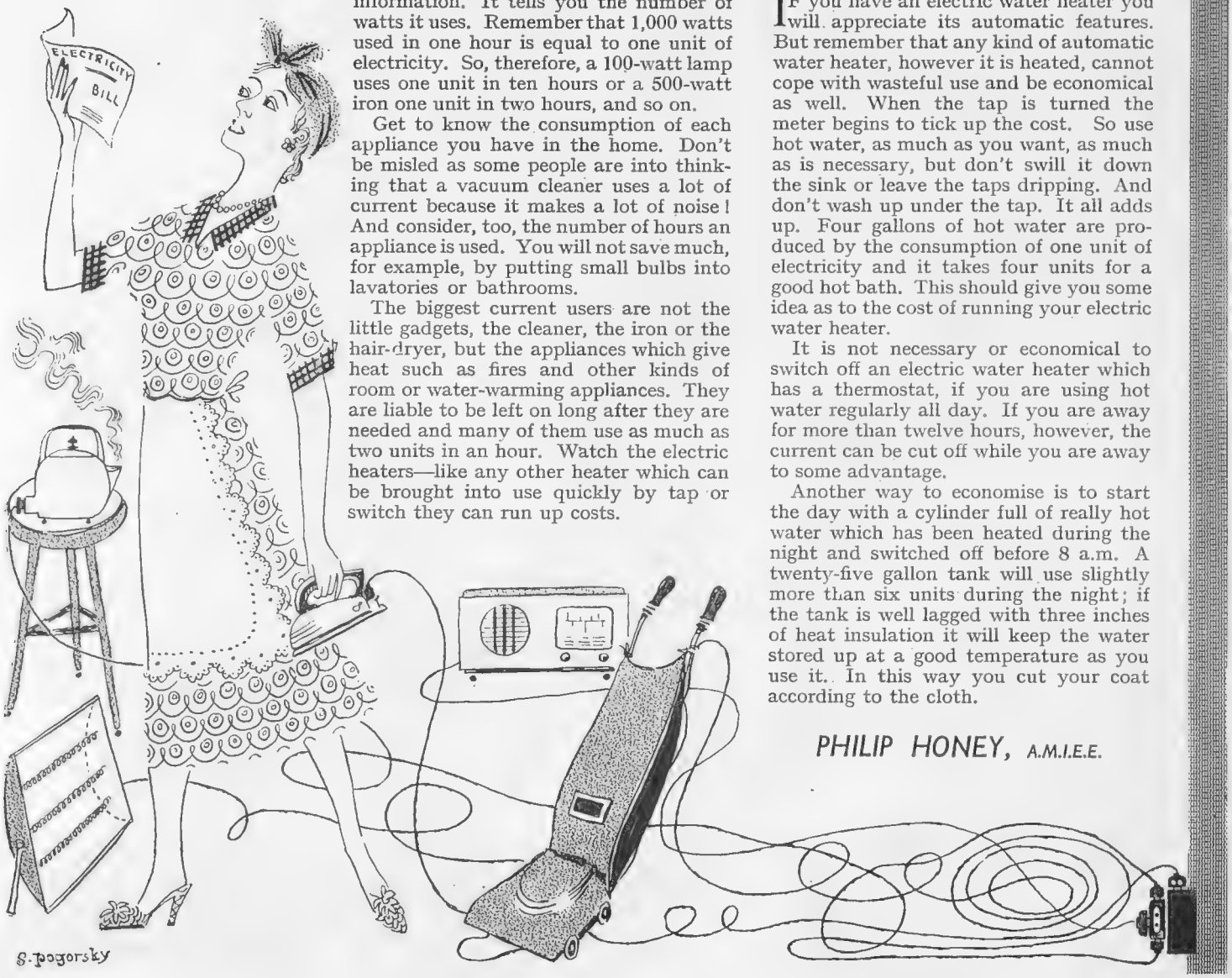
Radiant boiling plates on electric cookers represent a saving of current, as their rapid heating ensures quicker heating of the contents of the pan. Ordinary saucepans with firm bases can be used with these elements and in Simmerstat control, the finest flexibility of heating is assured with resultant saving in current. Radiant plates are obtainable as replacements for solid boiling plates for most types of cooker made during and after the war under the E.D.A. cooker part interchangeability standard.

IF you have an electric water heater you will appreciate its automatic features. But remember that any kind of automatic water heater, however it is heated, cannot cope with wasteful use and be economical as well. When the tap is turned the meter begins to tick up the cost. So use hot water, as much as you want, as much as is necessary, but don't swill it down the sink or leave the taps dripping. And don't wash up under the tap. It all adds up. Four gallons of hot water are produced by the consumption of one unit of electricity and it takes four units for a good hot bath. This should give you some idea as to the cost of running your electric water heater.

It is not necessary or economical to switch off an electric water heater which has a thermostat, if you are using hot water regularly all day. If you are away for more than twelve hours, however, the current can be cut off while you are away to some advantage.

Another way to economise is to start the day with a cylinder full of really hot water which has been heated during the night and switched off before 8 a.m. A twenty-five gallon tank will use slightly more than six units during the night; if the tank is well lagged with three inches of heat insulation it will keep the water stored up at a good temperature as you use it. In this way you cut your coat according to the cloth.

PHILIP HONEY, A.M.I.E.E.



S. Pogorsky

..tools for the job

It is an exaggeration that no woman can knock a nail in straight, for, armed with the right tools, most women can tackle odd jobs around the house as well as their menfolk

IF you want to be known as a woman who *can* drive a nail in, fix a new plug to the sink or put up a shelf without messing up the wall, the first essential is to invest in the right kind of tools. Serviceable, if simple, tools they must be, not the sort one finds in many homes, dismally rusting away in the cupboard under the sink.

Don't use the coal-hammer to mend a broken picture frame, or to knock in some nails for pots and pans. It is too awkward and too heavy for these jobs, and will smash the frame or bend the nails. What you need is a light claw hammer. Driving in a nail seems a simple enough operation, but, if you prefer not to hit your fingers, keep your eye steadily on the nail's head and don't go banging away with all your strength. The weight of the hammer is quite enough. All you have to do is to direct it, with just one smart whack at the last.

You will be able to open a packing case with the claw end of the hammer; and extract large nails, that is, those that resist your pincers. Pincers serve also for cutting wire, although pliers are better. These have two small blades at the side which come in useful for cutting a length of chain for the bath plug, for instance, or to open the last link for fitting the new plug, and shutting it again quite tight.

SCREWS are better than nails for many fixing jobs, but why is it that somehow you are unable to turn in a screw properly? Maybe the screwdriver is too large, or too small? Choose a screwdriver with a quarter of an inch blade; this ought to enable you to cope with most screwing jobs.

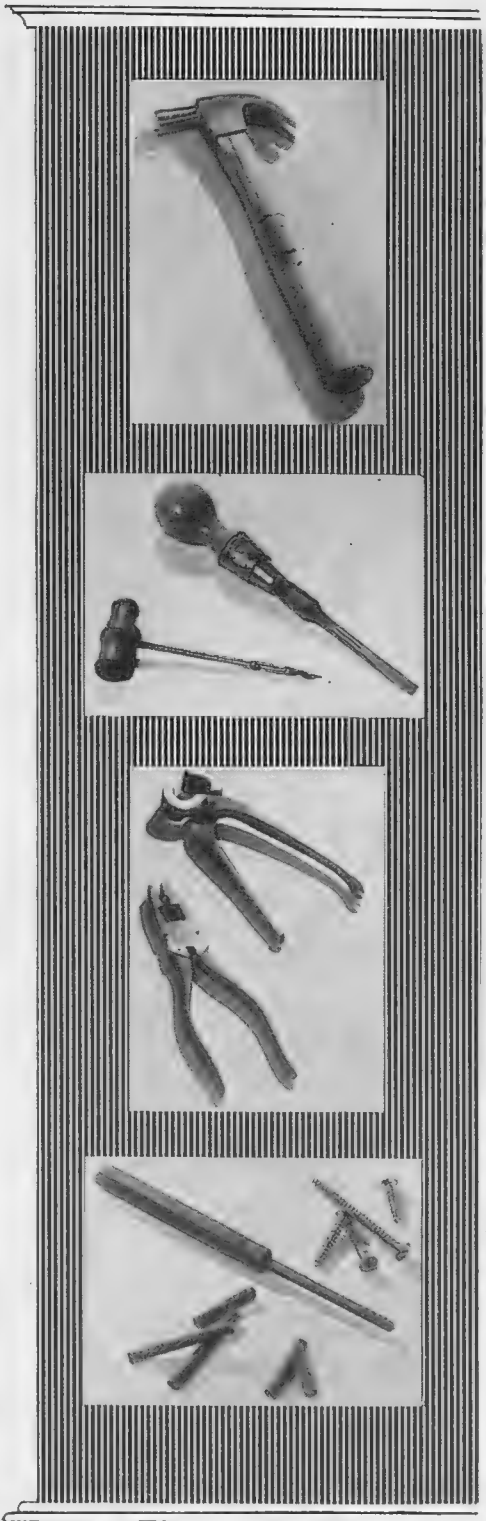
When working in wood, don't attempt to put in a screw without first making a hole with a few turns of your gimlet. Then place in the screw at right angles with the wood. If the blade of the screwdriver keeps slipping out of the groove, it is because you don't hold your screwdriver quite straight. Turn gently, without undue pressure—and the thread of the screw will find its way quite naturally into the wood. Why is it that, after having fixed only a few screws, you get cramp in hands and arms? Probably because you are standing too close to the job. Stand back a little; you will work more efficiently—you will see better, too. People have been known to put in screws with a hammer—this is *not* recommended.

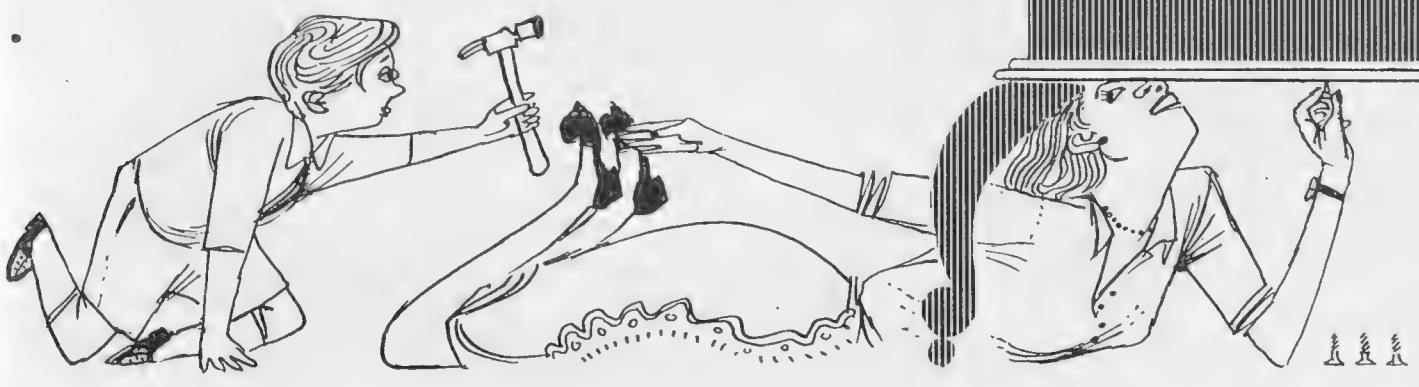
For fixing shelves, bathroom cabinets, heavy pictures or mirrors to a brick wall, a Rawlplug outfit is indispensable. The Rawlplug tool, which is of very hard steel, will make a neat, clean hole in any wall, if properly handled. You have used one before? And made a terrifying hole in your beautifully plastered wall? But did you read the makers' instructions—and follow them? For instance, did you place the tool at right angles with the surface of the wall? Did you give light blows with your hammer or did you think it would be quicker if you went banging away for dear life? Gently does it every time; start off with light, smart blows and turn the tool slightly as you go. By doing so you pulverize only the plaster immediately under the cutting edges of the point. You will feel greater resistance as soon as you get past the plaster into the actual brick. Keep going; don't hit harder until you get a goodish way into the brick, otherwise you may, even then, crack the plaster surface.

About screws. These are sold in numbered gauges, the number indicating the thickness. Screws of No. 8 gauge and of a length varying between one and 1½ inches will take care of practically all jobs you are likely to undertake. Very long screws are quite unnecessary, unless, of course, you want your neighbours to hang their pictures on the other end.

These are the essential tools for the usual home jobs. A saw might come next, but there are not many current uses for it. If you want to put up shelves, you can always get the wood cut to the required lengths at the woodyard.

Tools from Selfridges





Tea as a meal has come into its own in late years. Whatever your ritual may be about this meal, here are some dishes, both substantial and dainty, to put on the table to make an attractive meal

Something good for Tea

NUTTY TRIANGLES

Hot And Savoury

Lemon Potato Cakes

½ lb. cooked mashed potato; ½ lb. self raising flour with a teaspoonful baking powder and pinch salt added; 2 oz. margarine; juice and grated rind of ½ lemon.

Rub margarine into flour; mix with potato; add lemon. Form into dough with the hands. Roll out about ½ in. thick. Cut round shapes with cutter. Bake about 20 minutes in hot oven, Regulo 7, or 400° F. Serve hot with savoury tit-bits on top, such as shrimps mixed with a little chopped apple and mayonnaise or a smear of chutney with rings of cooked sausage on top; rings of tomato with snips of kipper; little bacon rolls filled with mince or liver sausage.

Nutty Triangles

8 oz. self raising flour; cupful walnuts and almonds cut into chips; 2 oz. cooking fat; salt; heaped teaspoonful baking powder; cream cheese.

Add pinch of salt and baking powder to flour. Rub in fat. Add nuts and form dough with a little cold water. Roll out thinly and cut into triangles. Bake in hot oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., about 15 minutes till crisp. Sandwich together with cheese and serve with sprigs of watercress.

Savoury Peanut Rolls

8 oz. flour; 2 oz. peanut butter; 2 oz. margarine; salt.

Rub peanut butter and margarine into flour to which salt has been added. Mix with cold water to form dough. Roll out about ⅛ in. thick. Cut in strips about 3 ins. wide and 4 ins. long. Spread with filling. Roll up. Lay on baking sheet and cook about 20 minutes in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F.

Fillings: Chopped apple and date and sprinkling of grated cheese. Minced chopped olive mixed with a little Worcester type sauce.

Sandwich Grills

Miniature grills are delicious served as a filling to two-decker sandwiches. Toast thin slices of bread on one side only and spread the other side thickly with margarine. Spread first slice with a mixture such as sausage, bacon and scrambled egg or slice of grilled liver sausage. Cover with second slice of toast, bread side up. Spread with grilled button mushrooms, tomatoes and chives.

Sweet And Appetizing

Honey Scones

1 lb. self raising flour; 4 oz. margarine; few drops of lemon juice; 2 tablespoonfuls honey; breakfastcupful of milk.

Warm honey and milk, add lemon. Rub fat into flour. Work sweetened milk and flour into dough. Roll out ½ in. thick. Cut rounds. Bake about 20 minutes, Regulo 5 or 350° F.

Caraway Cream Buns

1 lb. flour; 3 oz. sugar; 4 oz. margarine; synthetic cream; ¾ pint of milk; ½ oz. yeast; caraway seeds.

Add sugar to flour. Make a hole in the

Dish Of The Month

IN families where there are several ration books, it is possible to combine the bacon ration and buy a portion of ham. This is always a specially useful dish, either hot or cold. It is more usual to boil or steam the portion, but ham is even more tasty baked. This method has the advantage of making a small piece go further and interesting etceteras, such as tomatoes, celery and so on, can be cooked with it.

This recipe for baked ham makes an appetizing meal. Take a thick slice of gammon and soak for several hours. After soaking place in a thickly greased piedish. Add an onion finely sliced; 2 cooking apples peeled, cored and sliced and a breakfastcupful of stock (this can be flavoured with Madeira if liked). Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. until tender, allowing half-an-hour per lb. Serve with baked potatoes and tomato sauce.

LEMON POTATO CAKES

SAVOURY PEANUT ROLLS

middle. Dissolve yeast in a gill of warm milk and pour in. Mix in a little of surrounding flour to make paste. Cover bowl and set in warm place to rise for an hour. Melt margarine a little. Add to mixture in bowl. Work all together with remaining milk to form soft dough. Knead well and shape into small round buns. Place on well-greased tin a few inches apart. Leave to rise in warm place till about doubled in size. Brush over with milk, sprinkle with caraway seeds. Bake in quick oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., for 20 minutes. When cold slash tops of buns with a knife, pull open and fill with whipped synthetic cream.

Danish Pastries

½ lb. flour; 1 oz. sugar; ¼ oz. yeast; 1 egg; 2 oz. milk; ¼ lb. margarine; 2 oz. cooking fat.

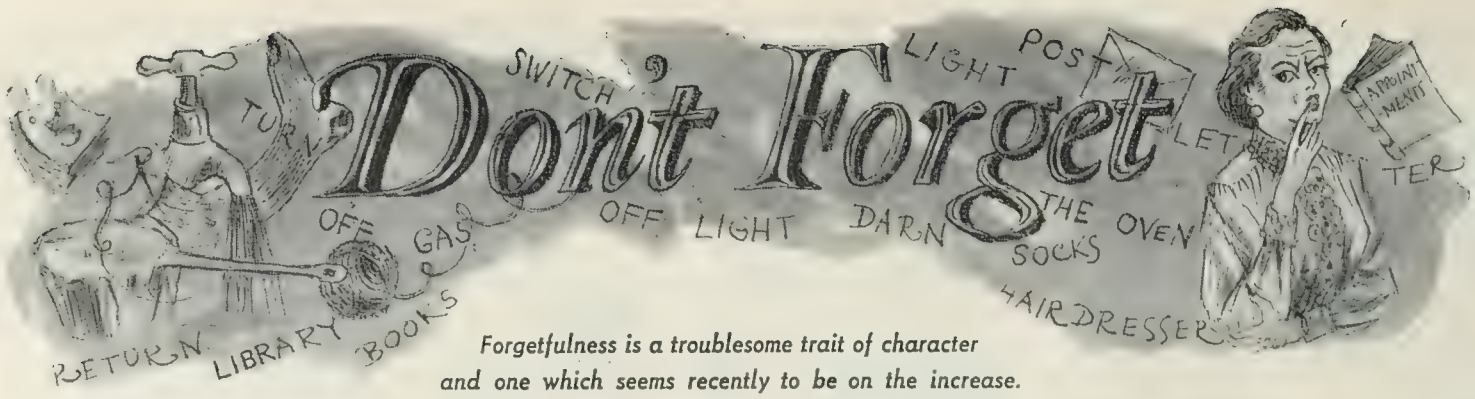
Dissolve yeast in warmed milk. Put flour in warm bowl with sugar and pinch of salt added. Make a hole in middle, add yeast. Cream in a little of the flour. Set to rise 45 minutes. Add beaten egg (if available). Work in flour, roll out and cover paste with fat cut in little bits. Roll up. Roll out as for flaky pastry three times, about ¼ in. thick. Cut in fancy shapes and set to rise again. Decorate with marzipan fruits or flowers, currants, date, ginger, etc. Bake in quick oven, Regulo 8 or 425° F., about 15 minutes. Brush over with a little thin water icing.

Sponge Baskets

Make or buy some oblong sponge buns about 3 ins. by 1½ ins. Scoop out the middles. Fill with finely chopped preserved pineapple and a little synthetic cream flavoured with sherry. Decorate and make handles of angelica.

DANISH PASTRIES AND SPONGE BASKETS

Cookery By Harriet Muir



Forgetfulness is a troublesome trait of character and one which seems recently to be on the increase. This article is of encouragement to anyone with a faulty memory

ONE of the most prevailing maladies of the day, particularly amongst women, seems to be memory trouble. Only the unfortunate owner of a faulty memory-equipment knows what life is like with a bad memory. "Did I post that letter?" "Did I turn off the cooker?" "Was the back door shut?" such wicked little doubts jog your far from confident memory as you walk to the bus stop. Better to turn round right now and make sure, rather than endure hours of uncertainty as to the fate of the cooker or the back door. Then, having returned home and found all well, hurry off again —only to discover that the latchkey has been left on the kitchen table. The final ignominy of breaking into one's own home, is an experience which anyone with a bad memory prefers to forget.

Losing things is, of course, the other side of the bad memory problem and the lost property offices report that business grows brisker year by year as they become snowed under with a torrent of umbrellas, compacts, macs, gloves and the like.

FORGETFULNESS is usually the sign of an over-taxed mind. All the women who are carrying on a three-fold life, running a home, mothering a family and holding down a job, expect their memories to retain masses of data about the children, husband's business, the garden, the house, the office, social contacts, knitting patterns, ration books, the cat and dog, wedding presents and choosing the new office carpet, to mention only a few. And then they get worried because they forget things!

The pressure of modern life provides extenuating circumstances for a bad memory but what to do about it? The main trouble is often not a bad memory but an over-taxed memory, so the first step towards improvement is to relieve the mind of all unnecessary clutter. Why overburden the memory with masses of data which can be looked up with very little trouble? There is always the telephone directory, the address book, the A.B.C. and the cookery book to save remembering, phone number, addresses, railway times and recipes. Don't try to remember what you have got to buy on the next shopping expedition—make a shopping list. Have a slate or pad somewhere handy to jot down memos of things you have to remember but might forget. Keeping a desk diary (even though it may live on the pantry shelf) is a great help, marking in such details as "send shoes to repair," "make hairdressing appt. for Tues." or "telephone Mrs. J. to inquire re twin's measles." Working through a list of such chores is much easier than trying to remember all the things to be done during the day.

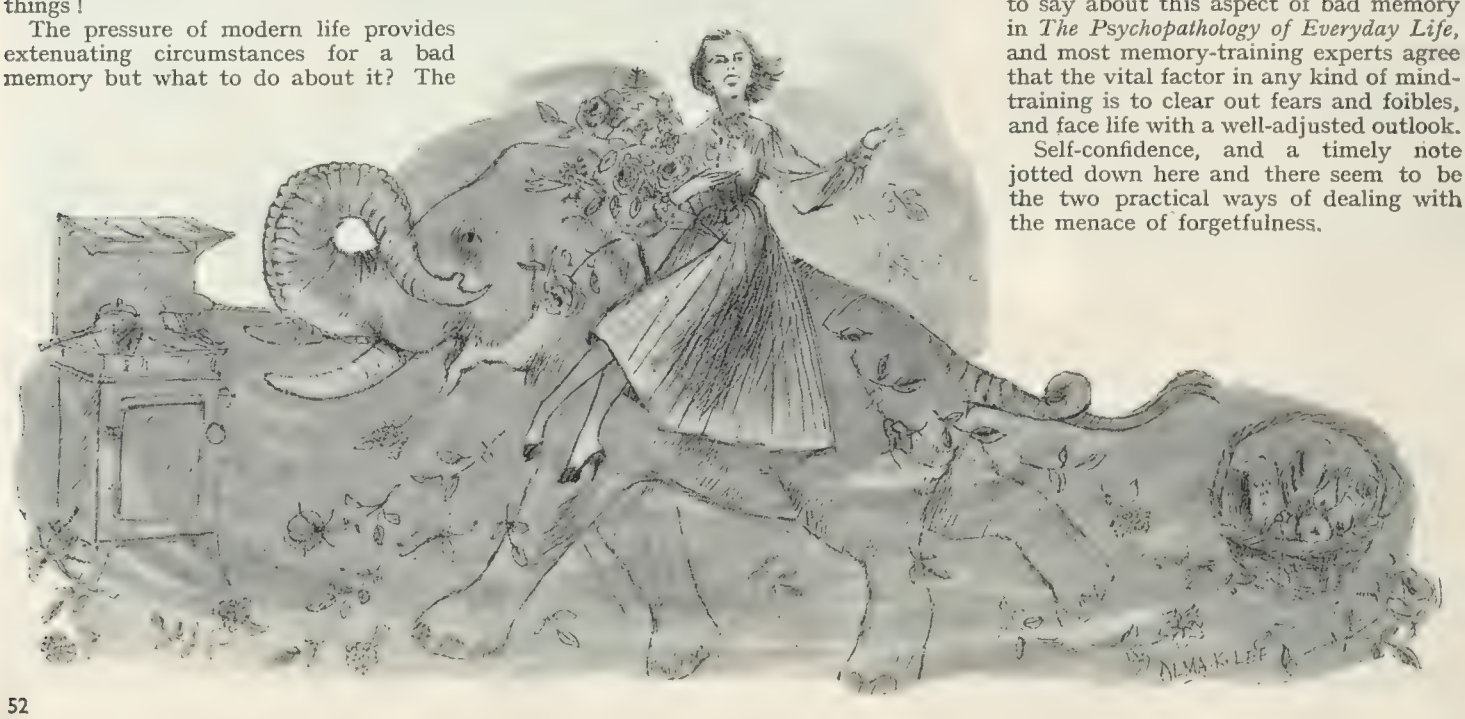
OF course there is always mnemonics, an impressive name for the rhymes you made up at school to help memorize the kings of England or the rivers of Asia. Many adults do not scorn these memory aids, and have strange and complicated systems of their own devising to remember a telephone number by doubling the age of the youngest child and then adding the date of a sister's birthday. On occasion, it seems simpler to look it up in the directory, but the principle of the association of ideas is one on which professional memory-training systems are based.

One memory-training method stresses the visual aspect of memory and teaches students to visualize a notepaper letterhead as an aid to remembering the address, or to photograph a list of names on the mind's eye, so to speak, as an aid to remembering them.

BUT apart from forgetfulness over objects and numbers, there is another form of loss of memory which is perhaps most embarrassing of all. It may come as a sudden blank when you want to introduce two friends, whose names are as familiar to you as your own, and yet at the

critical moment they go "right out of your head." Or at an interview, you may fail to make the one obvious point that would turn the situation in your favour. This is hardly faulty memory, in the sense of absentmindedness. There is here some acute anxiety or nervousness, or a subconscious reluctance to remember unpleasantness which is causing the blank. Freud has some fascinating things to say about this aspect of bad memory in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, and most memory-training experts agree that the vital factor in any kind of mind-training is to clear out fears and foibles, and face life with a well-adjusted outlook.

Self-confidence, and a timely note jotted down here and there seem to be the two practical ways of dealing with the menace of forgetfulness.



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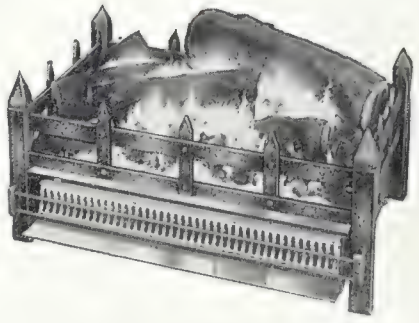

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Learning To Read

Max Gordon, an educational psychologist, explains how first lessons in reading can be made instructive and simple for very young children

When a child spells out a word, he thinks of the object it represents. A succession of words of a similar pattern, such as pig, wig, dig, far from being an aid, are confusing to the young reader

LEARNING to read is not a simple matter. A great deal of research has been done by educational psychologists during the last forty years to find out the best method of teaching the child to read.

One fact emerged at the start. The method popular until about a quarter of a century ago, was unnecessarily cumbersome. In those days, instruction began with the alphabet, because it was thought that single letters were simple for the child to understand.

Perhaps you will yourself remember learning the A.B.C. and because the method succeeded in your own case, it seems good enough for your own child. Actually, by teaching him in this manner you may well be hindering his first studies when he goes to school where the new method will be used, making it necessary for him to unlearn the old.

What happens when a child is reading? Hold a mirror near the eye of a reading child and you will see that the eye does not move continuously along the line, but covers the space in jerks. These jerks are separated by short periods of rest. The jerks vary in extent and some of the pauses are longer than others. Reading is in process only during the periods of rest, not while the eyes move. During the pause, the child recognizes two or three words.

Reading, however, is not merely a matter of looking at a number of printed symbols. It is much more a matter of recognizing a series of meanings. Reading is silent speaking. A child learning to read usually moves his lips, and it is said that all reading is accompanied by action of the vocal chords, which frame silently the words that are being read.

A child of six will speak the words he is learning to read. D-O-G—dog; P-E-T-E-R—Peter. He does the same with a sentence.

P-E-T-E-R H-A-S A B-A-L-L—Peter has a ball.

When a child spells out "Dog," he is not thinking of a word, but of the object it represents. In the same way, when he reads, "Rose has a ball," he is thinking of his sister or friend holding a particular ball.

THE old method of instruction was based on the assumption that the child starts by understanding words. Hence the insistence on mastering isolated words which was a prominent feature of the old method. Actually a child starts by understanding *word groups*. Even the two-year-old speaks in sentences, though they are usually limited to two words. "Ball gone" tells a parent exactly what the child means.

Two more points are important.

It is wrong to assume that the shorter the words, the easier it will be for the child to learn them. Words are not just mechanical patterns, they convey ideas to the child. It has been found that quite long words, such as "potatoes," "railway engine" and "something" can be read by quite young children because they occur in their vocabulary and are in frequent use. On the other hand, a child will be confused by a succession of short words which are similar in pattern, such as "pig," "wig," "dig."

Lastly, the type employed is an essential factor. We have seen that reading takes place during the pauses. To obtain reading fluency, it is desirable to reduce the length of these pauses. It has been found that smaller type increases the number of pauses and movements of the eye.

The first book which you buy for your child should be in as large a type as possible, with the size of type gradually decreasing as the child becomes more fluent.

Before you buy a book, make sure that it fulfils two conditions. The book must be suitable in type, and it must contain a vocabulary with which your child is familiar.

BY treating reading as a game, you can start early to introduce your child to this magical art. A method I found effective with my children is this.

I took a piece of cardboard and cut it into four pieces. On each I printed one word in large capital letters, such as:

PETER ROSE BALL GORDON.

I hung the cardboard up in the nursery and said to my eldest, Peter:

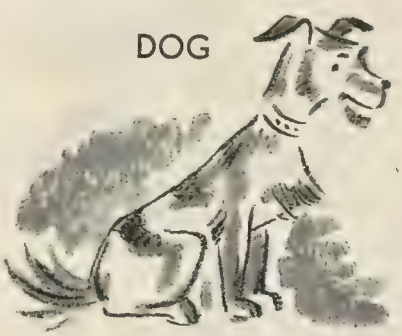
"Now, Peter, we are going to have a little game. It is the game of reading."

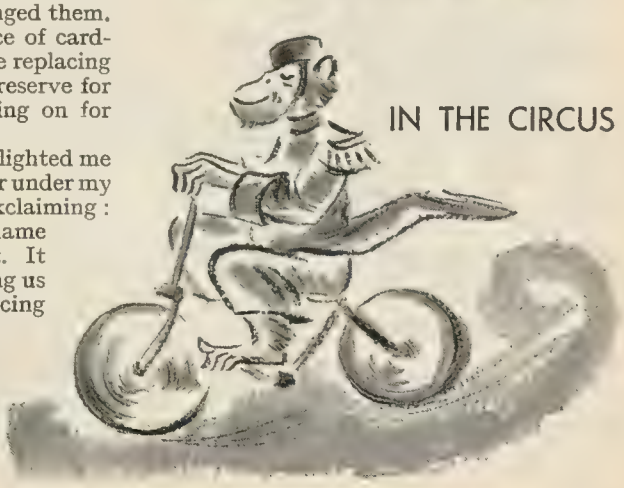
I told him the meaning of the four words. Then, I changed them in their order and repeated the "game." The piece of cardboard remained on the nursery wall. Soon he could read the words in whatever order I arranged them. After a week or so, a new piece of cardboard with new words was made replacing the old one which was kept in reserve for revision. Peter was then getting on for five years.

Not so long afterwards, he delighted me by thrusting the daily newspaper under my nose, pointing to one word, exclaiming:

"Look, Daddy, here is my name in the paper!" I looked at it. It happened to be a headline telling us of one of Gordon Richards's racing victories. He had recognized GORDON from the mass of the other unknown words.

That was several months ago. Now, Peter has been put into the top group of his reading class at school.





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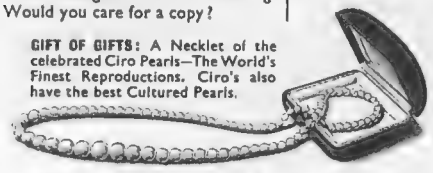

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A Scottish Chieftain's Forced Marriages

(*Continued from page 24*)

was not a marriage under duress, though the wooing can hardly have been very patient, for it was not in his nature to be denied for long what he had set his heart upon. She bore him two sons, two daughters, and like so many wives of these domineering, hard-living, hard-drinking chieftains, died not unthankfully before her time.

His life of political intrigue, both at home and on the Continent during an enforced exile, prompted Macaulay to dub him a shuffler and traitor who blew hot or cold, on the Hanover or Stuart side, according to expediency. "History," he wrote, "hardly recalls a baser figure than that of Simon Fraser."

The irony is that the wheel of fickle fortune should eventually have installed him at the scene of his outrage, Castle Downie, as Lord Lovat in full enjoyment of the title and estates he had coveted, which were granted him in 1730 after he had been pardoned for a particularly treacherous anti-Jacobite betrayal.

There he lived a barbaric life of feasting, roystering, debauchery, as virtual king of a Highland court knowing no authority but his, locked in its fastness of hills. If any of his retainers displeased him they were hung by the heels on trees near the house as a warning to others. He could be lavishly hospitable to his cronies; his servants had to make shift with scraps from the festive table.

Soon his roving eye fell on Primrose Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Mamore. It was said that he so lusted for her, beyond denying, that he lured her into an Edinburgh house of shady repute and threatened to blacken her name with scandal if she still refused him. This second forced marriage took place in 1733. For her it was unhappy and wretched. He is alleged to have kept her a prisoner, half-starved and without clothes, and to have inflicted on her every cruelty. After five years she could bear it no longer and left him.

Quarrels, lawsuits, brutalities made up the tale of his stormy, megalomaniac days. His name was linked with the scandals of his associates, apart from his own. When Lady Graye's husband carried her off to lonely St. Kilda and left her there to die, Lovat played a part in the abduction.

In his later years Hogarth, whom he met at St. Albans, did a merciless, gross portrait of him. A contemporary writer described him as an odd figure "generally more loaded with clothes than a Dutchman with his ten pairs of breeches," tall, upright in his walk for one of his age, with a large mouth, short nose, eyes "very much contracted and down-looking, a very small forehead almost all covered with a large periwig, giving him a grim aspect."

In the '45 he tried to run with both Prince Charles and King George in turn, changing his loyalties with the shift of events, fleeing from Cumberland's troops when he realized that he was too far committed to temporize further. They found him hiding in a hollow tree, betrayed by the flannel he used to swathe his legs, on his Aird estate on Beauly Firth.

He was tried, brought to the bar of the House of Lords, condemned to the block, and died—in his eightieth year, he claimed—with a jest on his lips. "Why," he asked, seeing the crowd gathered for his execution, "should there be such a bustle aboot taking off an old grey head that canna' get up three steps withoot twa men supporting it?" And when a scaffolding fell, causing several deaths: "Aweel, the more mischief, the better sport!"—a sentiment that might well have served as epitaph to his volcanic life.

END

Going The Whole Hog

(*Continued from page 25*)

nostalgic late autumn smell. I envied the brown-faced cowman his day of feeding, mucking out, milking and harvesting mangolds. I envied the postman his miles of country lane, lined by the berried hedges, and his welcome at cottage after cottage, each one a pleasure to the eye. I envied the milk girl her jog-trot ride behind the old white pony and all the leisurely social interchange of her day. Most of all I envied the gardener his long day of rhythmic digging, the smell of the earth as he turned it and the pungent blue smoke of his bonfire.

RELUCTANTLY I reached the station and joined the people in town clothes. Reluctantly I climbed on to the train and took a seat where I could look backwards at the vanishing pattern of ploughland and woodland. It was still a country puffer-billy, chugging from one little market town to another, but halfway the line was electrified and we shed our steam engine. The sound and rhythm changed to a rattling whine as we entered the incredibly dreary landscapes of Suburbia. The faces of the passengers seemed to become more tense, and my stomach muscles tightened as I turned my mind to another office day.

From bad to worse. The journey by Underground to Piccadilly was always a nightmare at that hour. People with cross, white faces seemed to hate one another as they pushed for a place. The nagging voices exhorted us to hurry along, hurry along, pass along the car or stand away from the doors. The thought crossed my mind that my gardener friend would be pausing for a cigarette at this time, his back against an apple tree and the robin pecking round his feet, breast burnished by the November sun. That was the moment of decision. The tension, tempo and irritations of the day only confirmed it. If I died in poverty it should be in a country ditch, and with that in mind I told my publishing firm that one month from now I should not be with them.

On the way back my usual sense of peace and homecoming was fortified by the decision. I thought tranquilly of ways and means. I had always been a keen gardener, I was healthy, I could write. That seemed sufficient equipment for my new life as a full-time countrywoman, and so it has proved.

That night in the "Waggon and Horses," over a half pint of old and mild, I mentioned my plans. The "Waggoner" was always a forum for gardeners, and my garden had sometimes gained a rare word of praise from such keen critics as old H. who carried off most of the firsts at the local garden show year after year. He was in the "Waggoner" that night and looked at me with a considering blue eye from time to time. I felt that he had some idea or plan concerning me, but I knew the countryman's caution too well to ask him any direct questions. That was the way to make him shut up like a clam. Whatever it was would have to be weighed and considered through several pipes of shag and approached slowly in the course of long conversations about the weather and the crops.

Finally, by these oblique ways, I got to the crux of the matter. He was thinking, he didn't know, mind, of giving up his two days gardening at the flats. He thought, maybe he didn't know, mind, they would be looking for a gardener, and maybe, even, they would consider a lady if so be she had kept a good garden before.

"The flats" were in a beautiful, balanced Georgian house nearby. With its dignified, white portico and ranges of satisfying windows in perfect (*Continued on page 58*)

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WELL, ISN'T THAT WHAT I TOLD YOU THE OTHER DAY,-IF YOU MUST ECONOMISE, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DONT TAKE IT OUT OF THE BABY-CHEAPER CLOTHES & OTHER THINGS YES-BUT HANDS OFF BABY'S FOOD
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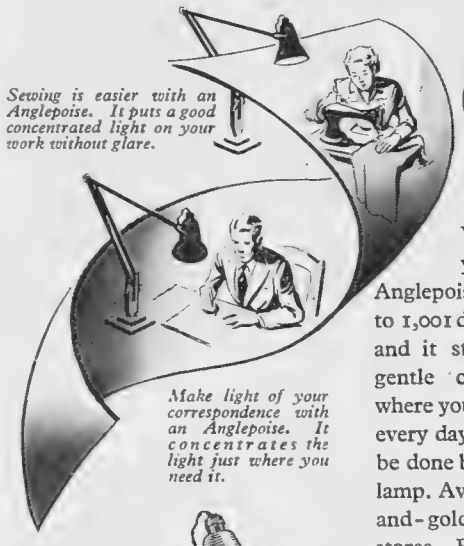

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proportion, it stood in a fittingly formal garden of lawns and clipped lonicera hedges with a flower bed here and there. Inside it had been converted into a number of biggish, modern flats, mostly occupied by R.A.F. officers from a nearby training camp, their wives and young families—pleasant people among whom I already had several friends. I made many more, especially among the little boys who soon became keen gardener's assistants, when I inherited old H.'s two-day job of mowing, clipping and bedding out.

MY new plan of life was to be based on three days' gardening and three days' writing plus some odd week-end reporting I was already doing for the little local paper. My third gardening day, which I found by advertisement, was in a pretty, small garden in the next village. In contrast to "the flats" it was natural and informal, with drifts of bulbs in spring and autumn and a little pool and water garden. The owners were kindly, charming people who came out anxiously from time to time with cups of coffee, to ask, if I appeared to be tackling a heavy job, whether Dicky could give a hand.

Actually there is much more skill than strength in gardening. The secret, for a woman, is to use light tools, never to lift more than her strength finds comfortable and to work at a slow, rhythmic tempo. Hurry is impossible in a garden and defeats its own end. I felt that a man would have accomplished a little more in the time than I could do by hand, so I restored the balance by investing in a tiny, light garden tractor. I have grown very attached to my little machine which will plough, hoe, sow, mow and trim hedges with speed and efficiency.

The only other doubts I had when setting out on my new life concerned balancing the budget. Now I find that, by the queer complexities of present-day economy, I have reduced my income from £800 to £400 per annum, and I am much better off. Fares, income tax, clothes for a job with many social contacts, drinks and cigarettes in the same connection, books and papers and pub and restaurant meals at London rates ate up a large proportion of my salary. Now I walk to work, eat my own garden produce, rabbits, eggs, milk and even game, and wear comfortable old clothes. My cigarette consumption has fallen by three-quarters.

Then there are the intangibles—the things that make life worth living. My radio brings music, plays and the company of other minds to my fireside in winter evenings. The county library will get me any book at all in a very short time. I occasionally take an extravagant day or two in town for an orgy of picture galleries and, maybe, the ballet, but, on the whole, I am content to see round me, in every odd corner, natural pictures of incomparable grace and beauty. As I walk to work on a frosty morning through the spangled twigs and grass or as I watch "a pigeon tumbling in clear, summer air," I sometimes hear the train puffing towards the town. I do not feel any pang of regret for pleasures there but only joy and relief that the train concerns me no more than it concerns my friend the postman or the milk girl, that I am a full-time countrywoman now.

END

Going The Whole Hog

A Weekend To Remember

(*Continued from page* 12)

tip-toe and held his breath as he reached the top.

At the far end of the landing was another discreet light. Halfway along was a break made by the main staircase. And from this came distant sounds.

The clatter of a tray.

A woman calling: "Alfred! Alfred!"

A telephone ringing.

The noises were normal and reassuring. He counted the doors. The third was open a little, giving out a glimmer of subdued orange from a shaded lamp.

He walked to this door and pushed a gloved hand against one of the panels. The door swung open, invitingly.

Yes, it was Hans sitting there, looking up from a book. A Hans whose hair had changed to grey, and who no longer looked quite so padded about the body. But there was still a suggestion of plumpness, and the face was round, and the smile was unmistakable.

It was this smile which affected him curiously, bringing back into his voice the old, patronizing tone. "*Guten abend*, Hans."

Hans jumped to his feet, dropping the book carelessly upon the chair. "Kurt!" There was still the softness in his voice. Almost feminine. "It's a long time, Kurt, since Berlin—since Vienna."

"Heavy-handed time. I see you're grey now, and not so fat, Hans. And if I took off my hat you'd see at once a large, bald patch. It's not vanity, keeping the hat on—just a reminder our business should be done swiftly. The quicker I am away from here. . . ."

Hans nodded. "Naturally. You have the papers with you?"

"Yes, Hans. Incidentally, I've taken every possible precaution. I have kept myself free of suspicion—and I have not been followed here. Now it's your turn to take over the responsibility. I hope there will not be any slips. Whatever happens, there must be nothing pointing to me. One of these days, perhaps, I shall be instructed to prepare a further report."

"True, true. Don't worry, Kurt. Everything has been planned with the greatest care—and down to the last detail."

"I've wondered about that. Your presence here. . . ."

Hans laughed. "Very easily explained. Fortunately, I've always had a fondness for dogs. It simplifies my rôle. I am supposed to be writing a book on the Alsatian. I've discovered a dog-lover earns immediate respect in this country. To-morrow, I visit the kennels of a Major Blande. I shall take photographs of Champion Rudolph of Weirside, and copy the pedigree. The kennels are only five miles from here, so. . . ."

It was admirable in its simplicity. But, of course, Hans had not conceived it. He snuffed out a tiny spark of appreciation. There was no alteration in Hans; he was still the amiable, obeying orders like any clerk.

"What of the papers, Hans?" Dormant anxiety stirred, and his voice became brisk.

"Photostatic copies—and then destruction of the originals. That is scheduled to be done to-night."

"And after that?"

Hans shook his head. "The rest of my instructions are to be kept secret, Kurt. All I can say is you need have no worries."

He felt a jab of irritation. Hans was speaking as an equal; perhaps as a little more than an equal. Resentment brought a stiffness to his manner. He straightened himself slightly.

"I remind you, the notes are of vital importance. I hope you realize your responsibility."

Did a little colour come into the round face? Yes, Hans was looking a shade foolish. And he spoke nervously: "Of course, Kurt. They have told me exactly what I am to do. And you have the papers with you? . . . . But, one minute!" His eyes blinked and he seemed confused. "I'm sorry. I still forget sometimes—the little things. This radio should be switched on. I haven't the reputation of talking to myself. Anyone coming along the corridor. . . ."

"Yes, yes, man. Switch it on!" The portable set was on a bedside table. He should have noticed it, and thought of it for himself. *Ach!* Hans hadn't altered; he was still the same bungler.

SOMETHING was trying to warn him. The quicker he was away from the hotel the better. He pulled the (*Continued on page* 60)

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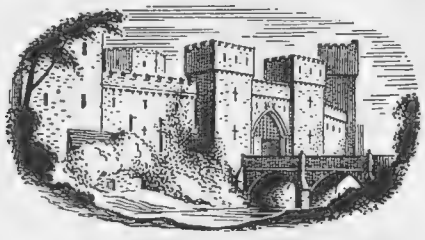

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flimsy sheets from his pocket and held them out.

"Here you are, Hans. Then I'm clearing off. It seems you still make mistakes. Take them! And hide them safely."

Incredibly, Hans made no effort. The smile had faded from his round face. There was a different expression in his eyes. And he was backing away as if to hide behind the chair.

"Hans!" A question died on his lips as he became aware of cold on his back. Nerves again? He had to know. He turned sharply and saw the open door. Saw also the bleak, wintry face of Assheton. And behind Assheton, two bulky figures.

From his hands the papers fell like huge snowflakes, fluttering to the carpet. . . .

He came out of the stupor. The room had gone dark and Assheton's voice had sounded a mile away, as though in some long tunnel.

Assheton was picking up the fallen papers, and there were hands clamping his shoulders. Instinctively, he looked across at Hans. Nobody was holding Hans. Hans was free, leaning against the chair, with the smile creeping back into his round face.

Somebody had switched off the radio. So that was it. A signal to the men waiting in the next room.

He cried out, and didn't recognize the harsh, cracked sound as his own voice.

"Why, Hans? Why?"

Hans spoke softly, almost purring the words. "Do you remember, Kurt? A hotel in Prague. A week-end. Do you remember it?"

And now the blackness was back, and the hands upon his shoulder were leading him deeper into it.

END

His Brother's Shoes

(*Continued from page 27*)

The long room with its glass-topped tables and red stools was empty of customers. A girl sat behind the counter polishing glasses. With one part of his mind Bill noticed that she was doing them with the most scrupulous care, rubbing them until they shone like the glasses that would be on his mother's dinner table to-night when they had the celebration dinner.

"Hi!" he said good-naturedly. "Is it worth all that work just to have them messed up again?"

She lifted her head. Her face was very thin. Her large, dark eyes had a brooding quality, her mouth was tense. It was as if she was holding herself in over something. Possibly the boss had told her off. She didn't look in the least like the usual type of waitress.

"Yes?" she queried. She had ignored his remark and was asking for his order.

"Coffee, please. Black."

HE sat at one of the glass-topped tables and lit his pipe. He found it more soothing than cigarettes. The girl brought the cup of coffee over. As she put it down she slopped the liquid into the saucer. Bill noticed then that her hands weren't steady.

"What's wrong?" he said in a friendly way.

"Nothing. I was just clumsy. Sorry."

Her explanation was so spontaneous that Bill thought he must have imagined her nervousness. He was trying to escape from his own sensations by attributing her with similar ones. There was relief in shared fear. But her worry would be a different one from his.

Then she made a further explanation.

"I get a bit het up before a test flight."

"Do you?" Bill said with interest.

"Being so close—and all."

It occurred to Bill that he might ring Maggy. But he would communicate his fear to her. She was gentle and sensitive. He could imagine her dark eyes widening. She would be intensely sympathetic because it was her nature to be so. She could even promise to marry a man out of sympathy, because now there was no one to come before him. Had Richard ever rung her before a flight? If he were to pick up the telephone and listen for her voice would it give itself away, the sudden quick joy, then the remembering, the soft, restrained tones hiding grief. . . . Should he test her like that?

"Just one split second," the girl in the café was saying.

He concentrated fiercely on her queer nervousness.

"You mean you always anticipate a crash?" he asked.

"Well, there could be." Her eyes were large and troubled, not long, tender eyes like Maggy's, but full, round, passionate ones dominating her face. She was an attractive girl in her thin, troubled way. But too jittery.

"Don't be a Jonah," Bill teased her. He drank the coffee and suddenly decided that he would ring Maggy. Her voice, guarded though it would be, might do something for him.

In the tiny enclosed booth Maggy's voice came to him. "Bill!" He could hear the pleasure, then the surprise and quick apprehension. "Is it over? Or is something wrong?"

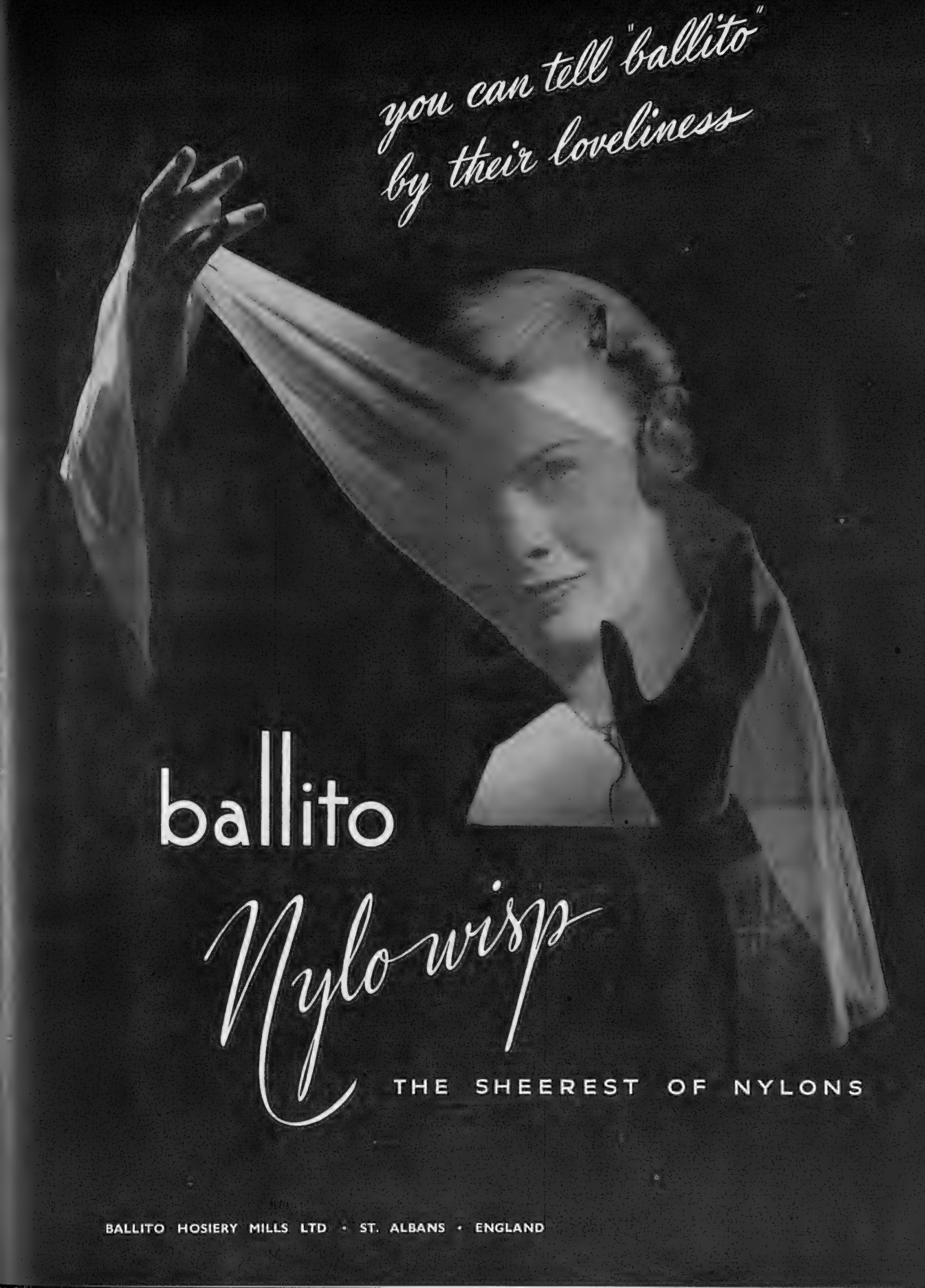
"Nothing's wrong. Just a slight delay. I shouldn't have bothered you."

"Of course you should. But just when I heard you I thought it must be all over."

Her joy could have been genuine, he told himself. Of course, it could have been, for with Richard gone she couldn't care what happened to him. But was it a second best joy? He felt as if there were tears tight inside him that he couldn't shed.

"It's okay, darling," he said lightly. "Keep your fingers crossed for me."

(*Continued on page 62*)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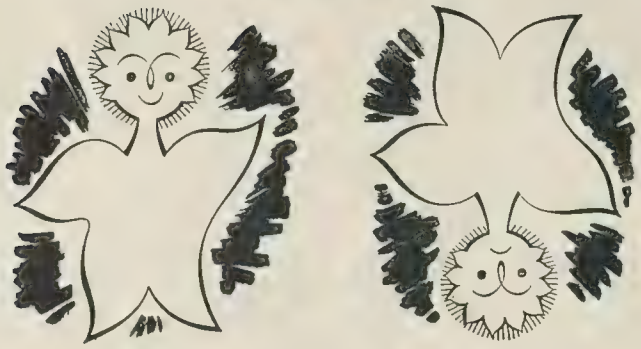

IT ISN'T a good cooker when dirty burners are reducing heat and wasting gas . . . or when you delay cleaning the oven . . . and don't wash the grill! It isn't a good cooker when you use more gas to do the cooking than need be — *and it costs more, too!*

IT IS a good cooker when you keep the burners so clean they give full heat without waste . . . when you spend a few minutes wiping down the oven while it's still warm . . . or when you give the grill an occasional bath in hot soapy water! It is a good cooker when you make the most of the gas you burn — *and it costs less, too!*

IT ISN'T good cooking when you keep the vegetables boiling with the gas full on . . . when you forget to regulate the oven . . . or when you don't realise it's sheer waste to let the flames "flare up" round a saucepan. It isn't good cooking when you have to burn extra gas to get your cooking done — *and it all goes on the bill!*

IT IS good cooking when you turn down the gas as soon as the vegetables start to boil . . . when you adjust the gas so that the tip of the flame just touches the bottom of a pot or pan . . . or when you use the oven heat control properly. It is good cooking when you use gas sensibly — without wasting it — *and keep the gas bills down!*

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

GAS

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"Oh, Bill darling! I will."

But she might have spoken in that warm, sympathetic voice to any young man who was just setting out on a dangerous job. Women married for security, he knew. One couldn't altogether blame them. But if Maggy didn't love him she should never have promised to marry him. Not under these special circumstances. Richard couldn't come into his marriage bed, too.

HE left the booth and crossed to the counter to pay for his coffee. The girl was back at her task of polishing the glasses. She took the money without looking up.

Bill concentrated again on her jittery state. Poor kid, listening to the planes in their roaring, nerve-wracking dives.

"Cheer up, honey," he said. "There won't be a crash to-day. I'll see to it."

He walked out, proud of his jauntiness. No one would suspect his inner trembling, the cold, sickly creature that curled inside him. Then he remembered his pipe and went back to get it off the table, and saw the frozen face of the girl behind the counter.

"Hey," he said. "It's not that bad. I'll buy you a drink when I come down."

She nodded stiffly, showing she had heard, but she didn't speak. She's as scared as I am, Bill thought. She's sharing this beastly nightmare. She knows what fear feels like, so she understands.

The reason why an unknown girl in a café should be wrought up like that didn't bother him. He only knew that he got an odd, steady confidence out of having his fear shared. And in that way it was almost conquered. He was able to shake hands with his father and the others and climb into the cockpit with more than assumed nonchalance. He took the plane into the sky, into the pure, shining blue, and he became part of it, like a good rider on his horse, encouraging its terrific speed, urging it to the limit of its incredible powers. He was filled with wild exhilaration and a consciousness of mastery that he had never experienced before. He wanted to shout and sing. His breath kept choking him.

Just at the end when he was coming down, circling for the landing field, Maggy's face came before him, and then the face of the girl in the café. They were both smiling joyfully. But he could see a look in their eyes that went beyond him. And suddenly, as he came smoothly to earth, his exhilaration left him. He felt flat, exhausted, old.

His father was the first to greet him.

"My boy, you were magnificent!"

Bill patted the belly of the plane.

"It was this, dad," he said briefly. "She's some job."

He couldn't escape the congratulations, of course. When they were over he went across to the café to keep his promise to buy the girl a drink. But she wasn't there. A stoutish man in his shirtsleeves said she had gone. Bill had a vague feeling of disappointment. He had wanted to be a little triumphant in front of her, showing her that her apprehension had been needless. But she had gone so he would have to wait until he came out here again.

WHEN he got home his mother had tea ready in the drawing-room. She kissed Bill and he could sense her intense relief that the final test was over, not only for himself but for his father's new plane. He glanced inevitably at the picture of Richard on the low table by the fire, and he thought that it must be hell to be a mother whose sons both flew. Yet it was for her that he did it, to prove he was no unworthy brother to Richard.

His father came in and began talking contentedly about the plane. It had more than exceeded his expectations. It was a satisfying climax to his career. There was a little silence. Then, in an easy voice, he said to Bill,

"This is entirely up to you, my boy. But now I'm retiring your mother and I would like to forget planes. We'd like you to forget them, too, and go back to your laboratory. It was your first choice and it has a future." He smiled wryly. "Flying—this sort of flying—hasn't."

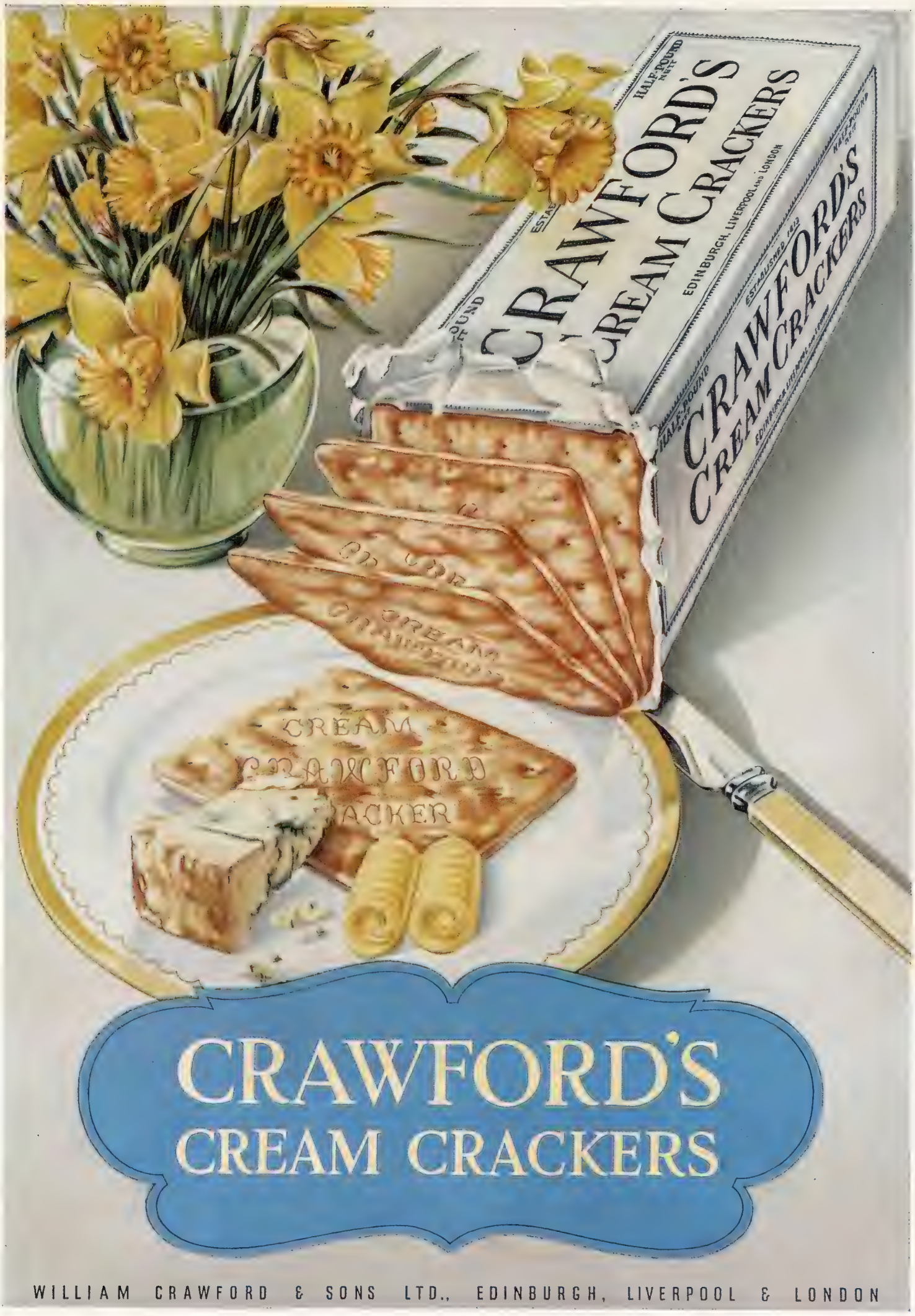
His mother touched his hand.

"Yes, Bill. We've been so proud of you. But now we'd like some easy moments."

So proud of you. . . . That was what they had always been saying to Richard. His school reports, his superiority at games, his whole beautiful young lordliness. . . . Bill had been the afterthought. His mother's voice was familiar in his ears. "And, of course, Bill. Bill has done very well, too." And Richard's kind condescension: "Not bad for the kid. We might make something of him."

He was three years younger than Richard and content to be a shadow. When he developed an interest in science and pursued it in his quiet, painstaking way, it had been with the idea of doing something useful and absorbing. One had to do something and he would never make the impact on the world that Richard would. Richard flew planes and drove fast motor cars and got in and out of scrapes with his devastating ease and charm. He was decorated in the second year of the war while Bill was working unobtrusively in his home-made laboratory and waiting for his eighteenth birthday. His life was charmed. Bill shared in the universal admiration of him. He sat back quietly and listened to Richard's stories and felt no pang of envy for his accomplishments or his good-looking young face with the tense lines deepening about his mouth.

IT was only when he met Maggy that he wished he had more of Richard's good looks and less of his own freckled homeliness. Maggy was his own age. She wore pullovers and skirts that fitted easily over her slender hips. She parted her dark hair in the middle and twisted it in a careless bob. Her eyes (*Continued on page* 65)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were long and tender. From the beginning she showed an intelligent interest in Bill's work and began helping him to mix things in test tubes and to feed the guinea pigs. She worked with precision and care. She was no hindrance but an asset in his laboratory.

Then Richard came home and was astonished.

"Do you mean the kid keeps you shut up in his bughouse?" he demanded. "Great Caesar's ghost! Let me show you that there's more in life than germs. How about dancing?"

Maggy's long, troubled eyes met Bill's. Bill said instantly: "You go. I don't dance, not much, anyway."

Richard's hand pressed on his shoulder affectionately.

"There's still lots of good in a guy who doesn't dance. But Maggy's too pretty to be shut up."

After that Bill's sleep was troubled a little with visions of Maggy's swirling skirts and her hand on Richard's arm. But he was determined to conquer that weakness. He was essentially fair. Maggy was too pretty to be shut up. He went on his unobtrusive way while the house revolved round Richard's comings and goings.

Then the incredible tragedy happened. The jet plane that Richard was flying came down the sky like a terrible meteor and buried itself in the earth.

And Bill, the shy scientist, the kid brother, was obsessed with one thought. He had to be the solace to his mother and father, to Maggy, to all the people who had loved Richard. He had to stop being the rather disappointing, dull person with his own quiet ambitions and borrow Richard's confident lordliness. He had to wear his brother's shoes.

He learned to dance and to do amusing things at parties and to talk well. He learned to be chivalrous instead of shy and clumsy with young women. Above all, he learned to fly.

That last thing was the nightmare. He never could overcome his fear. It curled inside him like a snake every time he climbed into the cockpit. It left him dry-mouthed and trembling after each flight. He thought he would grow out of it, and in his attempts to do so he became more and more daring. At last he achieved the impossible. He became a successful test pilot. In very truth he wore his brother's shoes. But they never ceased to hurt.

HIS mother and father spoke of him now as they had done of Richard. "We're so proud of Bill." He seemed to have grown taller and his face had the thin tenseness of Richard's. But he really became Richard, he thought ironically, when Maggy promised to marry him. He had gone all the way. He never let himself have wistful regrets for his old laboratory, his guinea pigs and his germ cultures. The person who had lived in there was the person who had died in the plane crash. Richard, with his fine, enviable courage, still lived.

And now they were telling him to stop flying.

He looked at his mother's strained, anxious eyes, at his father's undoubtedly serious face. He realized that they were not asking him lightly, that they had pondered the matter a great deal.

"Are you asking me this because—I don't fly as well as Richard did?" he got out in a rush.

His father looked surprised.

"No, indeed. In some ways you're a better pilot than Richard. You exercise more judgment."

"Richard was a little—impulsive." His mother's eyes filled with tears. "We've always taken comfort in having you as you were, Bill."

Then it was not because they didn't notice him but because they had no need to worry about him that all their talk had always been of Richard? That was a new idea. Bill felt it growing in him. It was too new and uncertain to believe in it, yet, but he was conscious of a profound relief. Could he go back to being himself after all? Could he throw off Richard's uncomfortable mantle?

But if he did, it would have to be the whole way. Maggy, too. . . . It meant losing Maggy, too.

"Bill, you are still interested in your test tubes, aren't you?" his mother was saying. "We're not making a mistake about that?"

"No," Bill said slowly. "I've always intended to go back to them. I hadn't meant to yet, but——"

"You think it over," his father said. "We've never wanted you to take Richard's place, you know. You had your own."

The warmth of that new knowledge—why did parents, or for that matter, children, too, so seldom speak their real thoughts?—mingled with the chill about Maggy.

If he were not to take Richard's place she wouldn't want him at all. But did he really want her on those terms?

He went to his room and looked at the telephone beside his bed, trying to make up his mind to pick it up and ring Maggy.

"Let's be honest," he would begin.

But he couldn't. The cowardly fear was in him again. What sort of a man was he who couldn't fly aeroplanes without half dying inwardly every moment, and who couldn't bear the truth from the girl he loved?

HE took a quick shower and began to dress for dinner. He looked at his face, leaner now, but still boyishly freckled and round-chinned, in the mirror, and wondered if Maggy liked his kisses at all, even a little. The little left over from her love for Richard. . . . Suddenly, for no reason, he thought of the girl in the café, and with the thought of her came the odd conviction that she could help him. Because she was frightened about something, too.

He got back quickly into his sports jacket and flannels, and slipped out of the house.

Of course the stout man in the café may not know where she lived, but the chances were he would. (*Continued on page* 66)

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He did. He smiled knowingly at Bill and willingly gave the address. Her name was Julia Reid, he said. Bill explained curtly that it was a business matter. The man nodded again, with the same slight leer. Bill would not let it shake him from his purpose.

He found the address of the apartment house easily enough, and at the top of the first flight of stairs there was the name, Julia Reid, on a neat, white door. He rang the bell.

In a few moments she came to the door. A yellow cat came with her and wound round Bill's legs. Julia had on a green cotton housecoat. Her hair was tied back with a scrap of ribbon. She looked at Bill with surprise and then with recognition.

"Oh," she said, "you're the pilot." Then her face changed to slight coldness. "What have you come here for?"

Bill grinned defensively.

"I guess it must seem odd to you. I—well, you knew I was scared to-day. It was kind of company for me. It helped me a lot. I just wanted to say thank you."

The girl stood back. "Come in," she said. Her face seemed to have tightened. She was hostile and yet friendly at the same time.

"You're Bill Hurst, aren't you," she said. "I found out after you left the café this afternoon." She held out a box of cigarettes. "Will you have a drink? I've only got beer, I'm afraid."

"No, thanks," said Bill. "I haven't come to stay. You'll be going out."

Julia shook her head.

"No. Not to-night. This was always the night. . . ." She stopped and then said something quite different. "You needn't thank me for knowing you were scared. But I'm glad you did. Tell me about it."

THERE was something about her that was different from any other girl he had met. He didn't think of her as a woman at all, but as someone with ears to listen to him and a mind that understood. How a girl like that came to be working in a roadside café he didn't know. He had a queer feeling that this meeting had been predestined.

He talked slowly, all the misery and fear of the last year coming out in the difficult words. It was such a relief to be honest, the same relief that it had been to know someone shared his fear.

But why should Julia have been afraid? He looked at her again and then stopped his confession in surprise as he saw her tears. They were spilling over her eyelids, down her thin cheeks. Her hands were clasped tightly together.

"But, I say!" he began, "there's no need for you to get upset over my problems. . . ."

She looked at him in wonder, her tear-filled eyes blurred and shining.

"But I thought you knew, I thought that's why you came."

"Knew what?" he asked sharply.

"That your brother and I—were friends. That I was there the day he crashed."

"I didn't know," was all Bill could say helplessly.

She suddenly pressed her hands to her face. "We were going to be married. He was going to tell his family after the flight. I think he had been a little scared to tell them—the way he was scared every time he went up."

"*Scared!*" Bill ejaculated. "Richard!"

She took her hands away from her face and nodded.

"Yes. Always. Worse than you. Does it make you feel better to know that?"

Bill's head was whirling. He could do nothing but look at the girl in front of him and say: "But why didn't you come and see us, tell us——"

"What would have been the use? Richard was gone. And here I am drawn like a magnet to that horrible airfield. Oh, Bill, you haven't any problems. Your parents want you to give up flying, your girl wants to marry you. It's I—I who have Richard."

Then she jumped up, as if determined to dismiss her problem, and went to get out glasses.

"We are going to have a drink after all. Beer. Lots of it. I am glad you came, Bill. You've done me good. I'm going to get myself away from that café. I've been meaning to for months and now, all at once, I feel I can." She filled the glasses, handed one to Bill and lifted the other. "Here's luck," she said. Her eyes were sparkling a little. "Bill, you're nice. How could you imagine anyone wanting you to be anything but yourself? Look, there's a telephone in the hall. How about ringing Maggy, because we're going to drink all this beer before you go home."

Bill looked at her with gratitude. What she had given Richard he didn't know, but the magnitude of what she had done for him could not be expressed. He was himself again, and inferior to no one, not even the lordly Richard. And Maggy loved him. . . . He knew that with certainty, even before he heard her soft, happy voice on the telephone:

"Oh, Bill, you scamp! I've been waiting and waiting for you. . . ."

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Nom de Plume

(*Continued from page 28*)

own genius, how tantalizing for Lamb to have written such immortal essays and not to have received credit for the achievement! "Uncommonly good prose this Elia writes in the *London Magazine*—wonder who he is?" So might a coffee-house crony have speculated, and Charles been unable to declare himself.

Another Charles, and one of even greater stature in literature, also started his dazzling career with the use of a pseudonym. *Pickwick Papers* originally appeared in monthly instalments under the curious *nom de plume* of "Boz." Though the origin of this monosyllable can be traced and is interesting, it is difficult to imagine why the splendid resonance of Charles Dickens should be dropped in its favour. Possibly the giant achievement of this master has lent subsequent majesty to the name, but nothing can be argued in favour of "Boz." One writer, quoted in the introduction to *Sketches by Boz*, feels so strongly about the matter as to express himself as follows: "What shall we say of a writer who having a name derived from his ancestors and another conferred by his sponsors in baptism, renounces both and takes by preference the vulgar designation of Boz?" Fortunately, its use was abandoned when Dickens was quite young, although he christened his eldest son with the name.

In the case of the notorious *Letters of Junius*, the use of a pseudonym is wholly to be comprehended. Here, appearing in the London *Public Advertiser* from 1769 to 1772, were a series of political letters whose invective and acrimonious abuse all too well warranted their anonymity. Although personal abuse was habitual in political controversy in the eighteenth century, a revelation of the identity of "Junius" would probably have placed him in some jeopardy. The mystery was well kept, and speculation as to such identity was rife even up to 1910. At one time or another more than forty persons have been suspected of being the author. It is now generally accepted that the writer was Sir Philip Francis.

The "Brontës," too, might have had excellent reasons, originally, for using assumed names, even ones as undecorative as Currer Bell, Ellis Bell and Acton Bell, respectively used by Charlotte, Emily and Anne (and respectively bearing identical initials with their owners). The masculine flavour of these names doubtless concealed their sex at a time—the early nineteenth century—when it would have been regarded as wholly out of place, if not improper, for the weaker sex to have invaded an exclusively male province. Publishers' sales might have been adversely affected by the revelation of feminine authorship. With the conspicuous success of *Jane Eyre*, conjecture as to authorship was a burning topic, and it is said that even the publishers were ignorant as to whether Currer Bell was a real or assumed name. But to-day, when *Wuthering Heights* or *Villette* or *Jane Eyre* are mentioned or read, the only bell tolled in our memories, one echoing from the rugged church at Haworth amid its desolate moors, rings out the sonorous sound of "Brontë," in memory of the immortal sisters.

Of "George Sand," supreme among women novelists of France, it might also be conceded that there were understandable motives for the dropping of her actual name—Madame Armandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant (née Dupin). Apart from an unhappy childhood and an unsuccessful marriage, her efforts at emancipation (among which was the permanent adoption of male attire) alienated her from highly connected friends. In the early stages of her career she collaborated with Julien Sandeau in producing a work under the pen-name of "Jules Sand." Her next book, *Indiana* was written without collaboration and, wishing to preserve the publicity of the previous name, she compromised by the adoption of "George Sand"—a name to become outstanding as the writer of over 100 volumes and the mistress of Chopin, as well as several other distinguished men.

Another woman in the opening of the nineteenth century, and one of towering genius, is known almost solely by her *nom de plume*. How many admirers of *The Mill on the Floss* and *Adam Bede* would identify Marian Ann Evans or Mrs. J. W. Cross as the authoress of those masterpieces? Her rationalist views, her defiance of convention by living with G. H. Lewes (married to another woman) at a time when such defiance had formidable consequences, might have had something to do with her adoption of the pseudonym "George Eliot." This was not discarded with the arrival of fame and, unlike the Brontës, it is the *nom de plume* which lives in English literature.

Who was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson? Queen Victoria (to repeat the oft-told anecdote) did not know, and was not amused when, having requested to receive all the other works by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, she was sent a number of learned treatises, including *A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry* and *The Formulae of Plane Trigonometry*. "Lewis Carroll" also eclipses in fame the actual name of the creator of Alice.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens assumed the pen-name of "Mark Twain" from a call—"by the mark two fathoms"—used in taking soundings on the Mississippi steamboats, on which river he was at one time a pilot. The two monosyllables undoubtedly possess a sharp, arresting tone, but it is fairly certain that *The Innocents Abroad* and *Tom Sawyer* would have received equal acclamation under the author's real name.

"Ouida" (Marie Louise de la Ramée), authoress of many flamboyant and successful novels, including *Under Two Flags*, was probably ill-advised in dropping her own name. The word is derived from a childish attempt to pronounce Louisa, and is somewhat banal. But it certainly did not handicap its owner in winning her fame.

The real name of "O. Henry" was William Sidney Porter, who, having been a convict for embezzlement as a bank-teller, seems to have had sufficient reason for dropping it. It is satisfactory to know that he made good and became one of the recognized masters of the short story.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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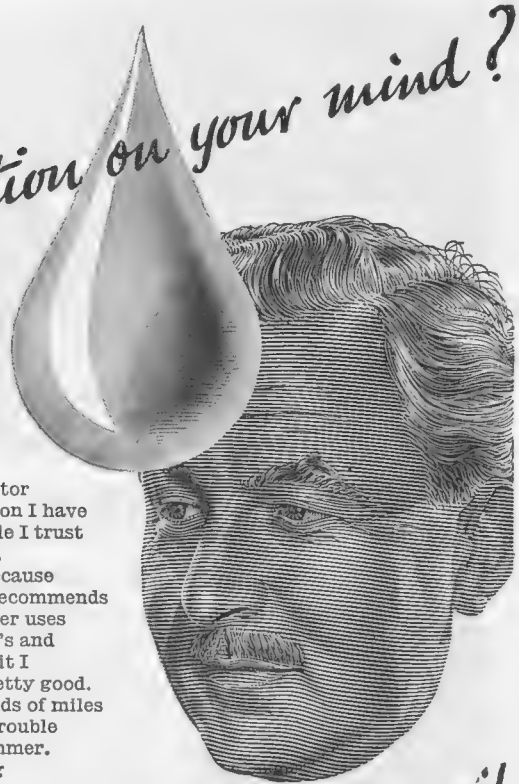

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Nom de Plume

"Oliver Onions" is an unaccountable substitution for George Oliver, and would appear to be more appropriate as the professional name of a comedian than that of a serious author.

"Saki" (H. H. Munro) achieved a well-deserved fame as the writer of vivid short stories, almost it might be said in spite of so oriental an appellation—which was taken from *The Rubá'iyát.*

"Taffrail" is the pseudonym of Commander Taprell Dorling, R.N., and whether it is derived from that part of a ship that one leans over or is a contraction of his Christian name, it holds a salty touch which blends well with his works; whereas "Sapper" (Major McNeile) gives but little clue to the magnificently adventurous tales centring round the exploits of Bulldog Drummond.

"Rebecca West," known to the world as the writer of forceful critical works and novels, possessed a quite entrancing maiden-name in Cicily Fairfield and a by no means unattractive one in Mrs. Andrews. Was the assumed name an improvement? Hardly so, but Rebecca West is an important character in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm,* and this rôle was played by Mrs. Andrews in her early career—which is the probable explanation of the adoption.

The identity of Captain C. W. Mercer is hidden by "Dornford Yates," creator of *Berry & Co.,* etc., stories of delicious wit, as well as of several serious novels.

It is improbable that the name of Mrs. G. L. Holdsworth is familiar to many, yet as "G. B. Stern" she is the authoress of that masterly study of a Jewish family *The Tents of Israel,* together with many brilliant *belles-lettres,* and is admired by a wide circle of enlightened readers.

There is a certain rugged grandeur about "Mark Rutherford" which is lacking in the actual name of the author of *The Autobiography* —William Hale White. Perhaps he had in mind a celebrated namesake, Gilbert White of Selborne, and did not relish competing with so formidable a rival in the world of letters.

"Evoe" (E. V. Knox) cannot be omitted from our list, as an editor of *Punch*; nor "Menander" (Charles Morgan), dramatic critic of *The Times* in 1926, recipient of the Hawthornden Prize for Literature, whose novels, including *Portrait in a Mirror* are marked by a style of great beauty. Menander was an Athenian poet who died in 291 B.C.

A royal touch must not be omitted. "Sylva Carmen" was the pen-name of Elizabeth, Queen of Rumania, who died in 1916, and who wrote poems and other works in German, Rumanian, French and English.

Sometimes the assumed name has entirely replaced the true one, as was the case with "Voltaire," who, after leaving the Bastille for lampooning the Duc d'Orléans in 1718, adopted the famous name and permanently abandoned his own. Its origin has been much debated; some maintaining that it was an abbreviation of a childish nickname *le petit volontaire,* others suggesting that it was an anagram. It matters little.

The list could be enlarged to a surprising degree. In one work of reference, there are over 1,800 names listed of fictitious or pseudonymous names. A large number of these, of course, were but temporarily adopted as signatures to letters or articles. Amongst such must be noted "Bartholomew Bouverie," used by W. E. Gladstone when a schoolboy as the editor of and copious contributor to *The Eton Miscellany;* "Alcibiades" and "Merlin" by Lord Tennyson; "George Fitzboodle" by Thackeray and "Logroller" by Richard Le Gallienne.

And so—the inevitable question is not to be resisted—"What's in a name?" By any other pen-name a masterpiece would rank as such; a work of merit be recognized (sooner or later) and acclaimed; drivel denounced and allowed to die. Literary fame cannot be won, nor even aided, by a name with an intriguing or artistic suggestion; neither can it be hampered by one that is ordinary—or even "ghastly!" The solution to the riddle lies somewhere between motives of caprice, modesty, discretion, deceit, policy.

But, in the case of such writers as those mentioned in this article, the public is largely indifferent to the mystery. Let them but give to posterity works of this calibre, and we care not whether their names are real or assumed, an adornment or a disfigurement.

END

Asking For The Moon

(*Continued from page* 15)

a way round this obstacle. If part of the rocket, say, the exhausted tanks, is jettisoned on the way, it will be made so much lighter that it will thus be enabled to attain a higher velocity.

The simple application of this principle is the so-called step-rocket, where a large rocket carries a smaller one which is fired from it when its fuel has been exhausted, and so on.

The German America Rocket would have been such a composite arrangement of two variants of the V2. The *Rheinbote,* actually used to bombard Antwerp, was a four-step powder-rocket, and the present altitude record was established by a combination of the V2, with the American WAC Corporal. Before the war the British Interplanetary Society had evolved a seven-step model of the so-called "cellular design," in which each step contained a number of tubes with fuel, the tubes being jettisoned as soon as their contents were spent. This rockct should have been capable of reaching the Moon and returning to the Earth, the cabin being landed by parachute at the last stage.

Such complicated step-rockets are awkward engineering propositions, and, although practicable, are both cumbersome and expensive. They could be simplified either by use of more efficient fuels, yie ding higher exhaust velocities, of which liquid hydrogen with liquid ozone is one possibility and atomic propellants (*Continued on page* 72)

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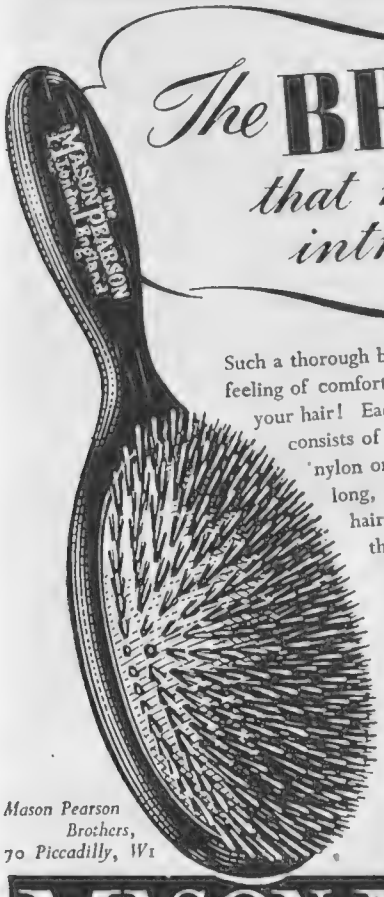

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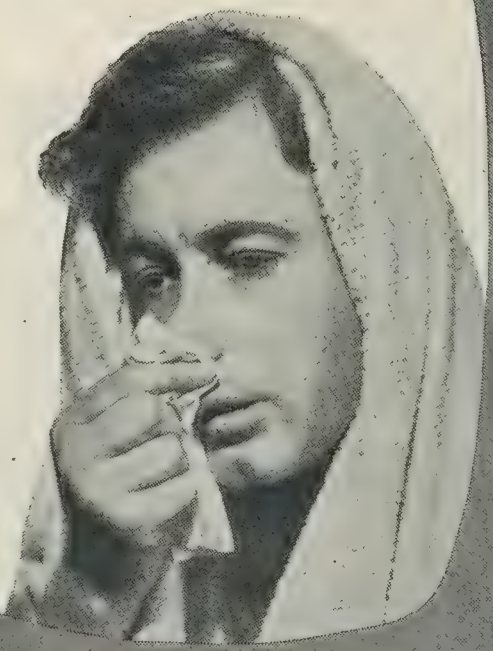

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another or by the device which may be described as voyaging by relay.

Theoretically atomic fission can provide an almost unlimited source of power, but the plant required is bulky and heavy, the generated temperatures are so high that no known material could withstand them, so that for the time being atomic propulsion for rockets remains somewhat problematic. One day the problem will probably be solved, but voyaging by relay is simpler.

AS we will recall, the rocket is projected into an orbit, but its velocity being small, the orbit, too, is small and narrow, so that the rocket hits the ground. If, on the other hand, it were fired at a proper angle and with a sufficiently high velocity, it would miss the Earth and her atmosphere on the return journey and continue cruising round her as an independent satellite, a tiny artificial moon.

It is, in fact, with such an "Earth-satellite Vehicle" that the American Project Rand is officially concerned. A satellite vehicle of sufficient size could be equipped as a scientific base serving a number of useful purposes. If projected into a twenty-four hour orbit, it would have the same period of revolution as the ground below and remain stationary in the sky, hanging motionless at the same spot. It could, of course, also contain a reserve of fuel on which a rocket bound for the Moon or Earth could draw.

Yet no such grandiose establishment is required for sending an expedition to the Moon. It would be enough to dispatch, say, three rocket ships into parallel orbits simultaneously, so that each of them had some fuel left unconsumed. They could then be brought together by radio control and the remaining fuel pumped into the tanks of the communicational rocket. This could then proceed to the Moon or Mars, or for wherever it might be bound. To appreciate the possibilities of this manœuvre, it must be borne in mind that any object moving in a free gravitational orbit becomes weightless; it has yielded to gravitation to the full and can yield no further.

OF course, it will be necessary to make a host of varied experiments before a real expedition can set out. For one thing the landing offers many tricky problems.

On the Earth air resistance could be used to some extent to slow up the rocket for the touch down, by simple braking, gliding or parachute descent.

On the Moon this technique will yield no results and the acceleration of the fall must be killed by reversing the rocket and "back-firing" until it gently subsides to the ground. This is easier said than done. Fortunately, the fall is six times slower.

In all probability our first approach to the Moon will be by an unmanned rocket, equipped with television and recording apparatus. It would circumnavigate our satellite at close quarters and be guided back to Earth by radar with its hoard of precious data. This is less complicated than it might at first sight seem, for, having once entered a gravitational orbit, the rocket will pursue it without fail to completion.

All this is a matter of technical refinement only. No unknown principles are involved. With the physiological requirements of space-flight we are on a more debatable ground. The one-way passage to the Moon would last about four days, so that provisioning, water and air supply do not present serious difficulties.

If the cabin is constructed as a kind of vacuum flask, the regulation of its internal temperature is also fairly simple. The danger from meteorites does not appear excessive. But the effects of a prolonged period of weightlessness are frankly unknown. It may be only faintly uncomfortable or seriously harmful to health. A substitute for gravity can be provided by rotating the ship very fast. The centrifugal force of rotation would closely imitate the physiological effect of gravity, but the arrangement has many drawbacks. Only manned rocket flights can provide a definite answer to this question.

WHEN the Moon has been reached, a base can be established there, with living quarters and all. Lunar gravity, it is true, is only one-sixth of ours, so that we would feel there rather funny. On the other hand, our strength would be increased in proportion and work rendered easier. In order to be able to get about, we should have to wear somewhat elaborate airtight space-suits, not unlike diving outfits, carrying the oxygen for breathing and a "walkie-talkie" for communication. The "houses" would probably be underground where the porous lunar rock would minimize the sharp contrast of temperature between night and day, sunlight and shadow. These houses, too, would have to be airtight "vacuum flasks," with double hermetic doors, known technically as "airlocks." Light and power could be obtained from the energy of sunrays, by means of the "solar furnace," this device, now experimented with in France and Russia, has a number of concave mirrors driven by clockwork, which concentrate the heat of sunlight on some suitable liquid (mercury or water). This is brought to the boil, just like the boiler of a railway engine, and operates the turbines. Fourteen days of unbroken sunshine should provide sufficient opportunity for capturing solar energy and loading the accumulators for the long night.

Whether this mode of existence would be particularly "cosy" I hesitate to say, but it would be exciting, at the very least.

Food and probably water would have to be brought from the Earth, as the latter is unlikely to be found in appreciable amounts on the lunar surface. On the other hand, it may exist underground, almost certainly in the rocks as water of hydration, which could be extracted by chemical analysis, and perhaps in the form of ice deposits in rock crevices inaccessible to sunlight. The tenuous lunar air would not be of much use. Most probably this consists of carbon dioxide, sulphur dioxide and some ozone; but oxygen could (*Continued on page 75*)

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also be extracted from the ground. It might even be possible to grow some plants in special hothouses.

The Moon is a small world, forty-nine times smaller than the Earth in bulk. Even so her surface, forty per cent of which is eternally averted from our sight, is only fourteen times less than the superficial area of the Earth; and three-quarters of this is water, whereas the Moon is all land and the terrain is extremely rugged. This is a lot of ground to explore. Even if the Moon proves to be totally barren, she may contain much of interest and value.

One day we shall know.

END

You Can't Be Sure

(*Continued from page* 31)

remained was for us to abandon her—until we discovered the lifeboats were matchwood—all the work of the mate's devilish broad-axe.

"There'll be no abandon ship so long as I'm in charge!" said he. "Get at it—this ship's going home!"

Mighty small chance of being sighted and taken off by any passing Cape Horner—we were too near the southern ice for that; anyway, in the big seas then running, to attempt a rescue was as hopeless as the chance of a snowball in Fiddler's Green. And Fiddler's Green is five miles the far side of Hell, all the way on hot coals!

Our masts had gone; the ship was lying lee-rails awash; the captain had locked himself in his cabin with the whole ship's store of alcohol and Mr. Perkins had a free hand to do his damnedest.

"Get that cargo trimmed back to wind'ard!" he dictated. Men pitched things at him in their sobbing madness. He pulled an outsize six-shooter and let drive into the brown of us, wounded one or two, though even in that dilemma he shot skilfully, to wound and not to kill, manpower being about the most precious thing aboard. So we went below again and got busy—for a spell that seemed as long as two voyages and a half clean round the world.

And I mean busy. Where Perkins got the driving energy from to keep us going I don't know. The man was dynamic, and as nasty-minded as he was forceful. He searched for the pet weaknesses in all of us, and derided them until we were spurred near to madness; and that madness made us labour like electrified furies. Those wheat-sacks flew across the noisy hold as if they were screwed-up balls of old newspapers. Many of the bags were rotten, but such as weren't made a barrier, behind which we shovelled the loose stuff. We had to work to keep warm, anyway—there was ice everywhere on deck; the big icicles hung like stalactites from the deck-beams of our sleeping quarters—when we got any sleep! We'd to crush our bankets before we could fold them round our cringing bodies.

But, after crazy days and nights we fetched the *Lorelei* half-upright. If Perkins got any sleep he did it on his two flat feet; I never saw him go below. The second mate was little less than half no-good; a bleating defeatist; and Perkins had to run his watch as well as his own, with the captain bawling sea-songs behind his cabin's locked door.

The wonder to me was that someone didn't lie for Perkins with a handspike during the everlasting hours of darkness. But he'd killed the fighting spirit of all hands, turned us into dazed machines that functioned without knowing it.

THE captain emerged when the sheer hulk came upright, with a rum-bottle in either hand and, "Grog ho!" he yelled; so we cheered him black in the face, and he took a bow like a prima donna at Carnegie Hall. Perkins' expression was more sardonic than ever when he stood aside to let the praise and glory go to the man who'd hidden away from the general schemozzle. He made up for it all, though; because we were still coughing from the raw liquor when he bellowed:

"Now, my paper-backed wasters, we'll try some *work* for a change!"

That meant jury-rigging the scupper-deep derelict. We did that, even: making bricks without straw. The currents had drifted us down far to the south; occasional icebergs sauntered by, we could make out the distant loom of the main ice-cap; and if we didn't get some way on the ship we were likely to freeze-in and stay there until the world went out in flames and chaos. We'd a few spare spars; a few more had been recovered from the wreckage we'd cut away and let go overboard; and we made a half-and-half schooner out of what had been one of the loveliest ships ever to break an Atlantic swell with her crashing forefoot.

Perkins took time off to cut down spare sails into the type that would fit our new rig. He put the older men, the rheumaticky dregs, those he'd wounded or hazed half-unconscious on to this light work; and kept us others, who'd stayed the course, at the real honest-to-hell mule-work.

Bit by bit the ship became manageable; that is, she moved through the water, even if sluggishly. Instead of leaving a swirl to wind'ard as she drifted, she now showed a wake that didn't exactly bubble, but was a wake. To keep her going meant extra driving; and Perkins supplied the drive. His exertions soured him still further; he was malignant when any man, however worn out, tried to shirk his duty. He never bestowed one word of commendation, only a sneer for effort made. Feeling such sneers undeserved, we worked all the harder, out of sheer desperate savageness at the injustice!

A hell of a time; yes, a living hell of a time! But the *Lorelei* kept moving, though not always in the right direction. A short spell of decent weather let us clear the frozen slush from her decks and get below to make a sure job of the re-stowed (*Continued on page* 76)

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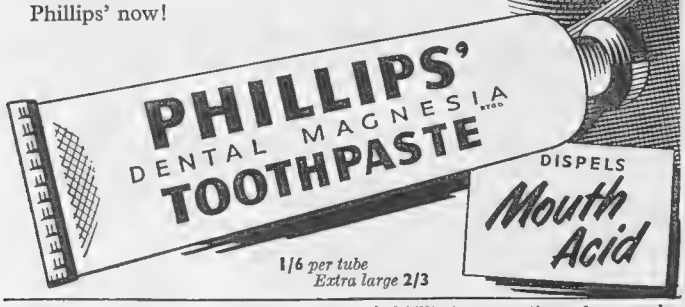

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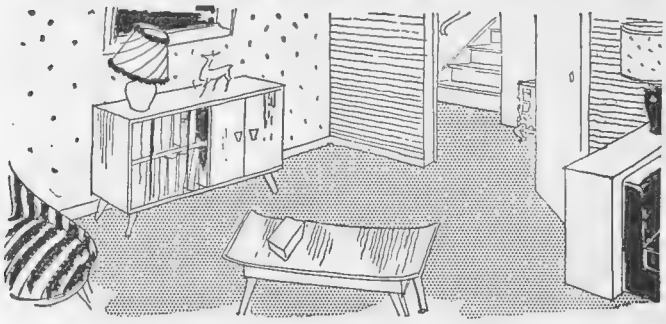

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cargo. Any leisure we might feel we'd earned was spent in pumping out the bilges—since in her labour pains the ship had started more than one plate-butt and began to leak like a fisherman's basket.

The clank-clank of the pumps became what you might call our theme-song. We were gaunt spectres, harried men, looking scaredly over our shoulders the moment Perkins' raucous voice was audible—most of the twenty-four hours of every day. If any one of us were permitted an easy, we accused him of being an afterguard pet—a white-haired boy, currying favour with our Legree at the price of tale-bearing. And Perkins, once we were under way, wanted the dishevelled ship slicked up like a warship due for Admiral's inspection. The decks, slimy and scraped as they were, had to come back to old-fashioned whiteness; paintwork must be sougee-mougeed till it shone like a yacht's upper works. Even the jury-masts were scraped down and greased! So that we didn't look quite so much a wreck as we might have done when we stumbled into the Falklands, and dropped our anchors in comparative safety.

Safety, maybe, ease, no. Anything we'd endured before now seemed blissful lotus-eating as compared with what the first mate put us through, once we hadn't the immediate safety of the ship to consider. She'd grown long grass on her underparts—that accounted for the weary slowness of her sluggish sailing. We had to rig a patent scrubber and get rid of those growths; and handling a patent scrubber is, as every windship man knows, one of the fiercest tasks known to seafaring humanity. We did it—even if we were in sight of civilization and possible justice. We'd got the slave-habit, I suppose, or Perkins had infused us with his tireless energy.

The ship had to be re-rigged as a ship, too, and though a limited amount of help was available from the shore, the full weight of this effort fell on the crew. There was material to be got on shore—new spars, none too much new cordage, fresh, eatable food, but the mate was the driving power in everything that occurred.

There was nowhere to run to if we'd felt disposed to bolt from our soulless tyrant. The islanders might have given us shelter; though, being a law-abiding community, it's doubtful if they would have been party to a felony—and desertion is a felony, however lightly treated by the deserters themselves. Anyway, the made-over crew were proud of themselves as a team: you could see them preening themselves like peacocks whenever the infrequent visitors came off from the shore. You could also see Perkins sneering at such contortions!

In course of time repairs were effected. Our skipper had more or less settled down ashore during our lie-up, since hospitality was on offer for a brave man who'd saved his ship from the greedy maw of bleak Cape Horn! The women made a fuss of him, because, properly dressed, he was a handsome figure of a man, like an outsize Viking: a big blonde with a flowing beard and sea-blue eyes, a man who could sing, too, like a seagoing Caruso. He contrasted favourably with Silas Perkins, who looked like a deformed gorilla at his best, and, at his worst, like something foul dragged up from the sea's bottom on the bower anchor flukes. Smeared with paint, tar and grease, mostly unshaven, his hair straggling, his clothes patched and repatched, with a patch over-all, our Mr. Perkins was nothing but an animated eyesore.

And when we got under way, homeward-bound once more, the islanders came off in shoals to give us a send-off—all the bubbling femininity crowding the poop; and none had eyes for us, who'd done the work, only for the skipper, who did the window-dressing. And when they dropped down into their boats to leave us, the cheers they gave were for the captain and the ship; for no one else.

Perkins grinned sourly when the last of them had disappeared.

"Let 'em go!" I heard him say. "The home girls have the towrope now; they'll give us a decent homeward haul."

They did. We sailed north at the rate of knots; out of the savage South into happy flying-fish weather. We carried a fair wind to the Western Isles; and the *Lorelei* picked up her heels as if the fear of death were squattering under her stern and driving her on.

So we came to pay-off port; and Mr. Perkins, lacking an accolade of any sort, slouched off, bent-shouldered, into the unknown where he had his being. As he said: That was that; he wasn't mourned; he wasn't praised; our half-voiced curses must have followed him like a plague-wind.

I GOT my first certificate after a spell in nautical school. The seamanship examination was a teaser; but I passed with flying colours, and the examiner, who'd done his best to fail me, said I showed signs of adequate tutoring! After that, I quit windships and, half like a coward, went for the ease and comfort and regularity of steam. Steamboating isn't seafaring in the strict sense of the word, since most of the work required can be done in a silk shirt and white kid gloves; but it suited me; and I got on better, maybe, than I deserved.

I was chief officer of the *Arragona*, one of the slickest of the Atlantic fliers, before I'd passed my thirtieth birthday; and the dockside whispers said I was earmarked for an early command. Not that I'd done anything sensational beyond a bit of boatwork in rescuing distressed crews, and an outsize salvage job that came our way.

The need to revise some bills of lading kept me working late one day in my cabin aboard the liner, and the master-at-arms knocked tentatively on my door.

"There's a down-and-outer asking for you, sir," he stated when I bade him enter.

"Chuck him ashore!" I said, feeling that way about things.

"Claims he knows you, sir—name of Perkins," persisted the ship's policeman.

"May I be shot for a scarecrow!" said I. "Bring him along."

Time hadn't improved our Mr. Perkins; he was bowed a little more as to his elephantine shoulders; a lot hairier, (*Continued on page* 78)

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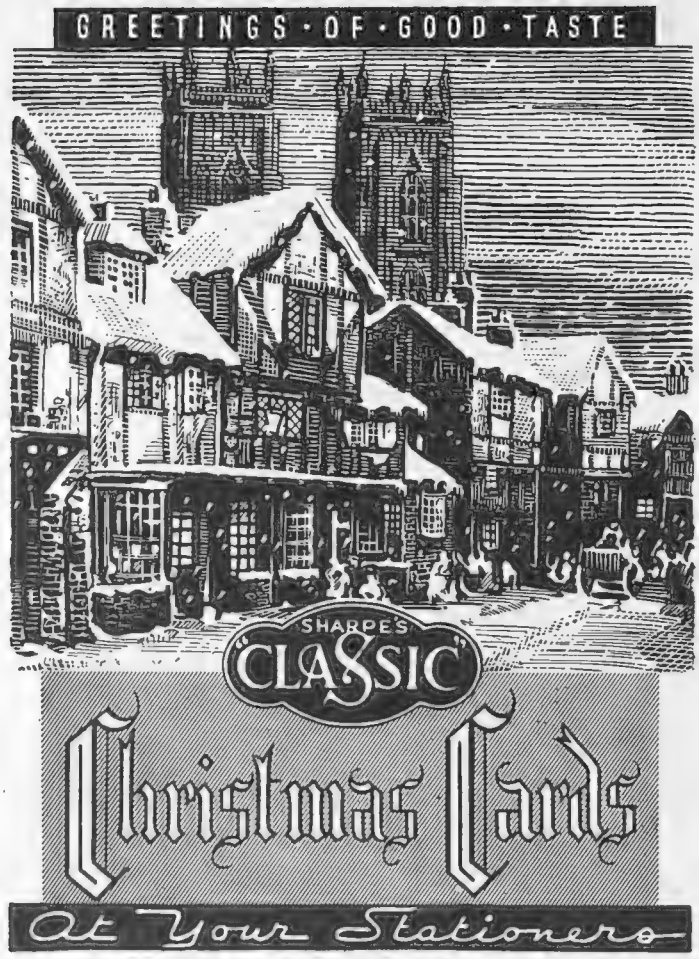

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shabby to a degree; and, as far as his greeting was concerned, more sardonic and bitter-souled than ever. He took off his iron-hard bowler when I offered him the hospitality of my settee, and nursed it clumsily as he sat down to give a comprehensive survey of my cabin—which, like all the officer-accommodation in the Line's crack ships, was more opulent than a princess's boudoir.

"You seem to have done a pretty good job for yourself, Mister," said he who had been mate of the *Lorelei*.

"I've no kick coming," I agreed. Since we'd never even been one-quarter friendly, intercourse didn't promise to be too easy. His face was a deep purple, as if all the curdled bitterness of the years was congested behind his skin. His boots needed repair; his collar was wilted and long-worn.

In my locker were such refreshments as a senior officer is permitted to offer to visiting friends. I fetched out the makings and pushed a snifter into his hands—hands curled as if everlastingly gripping a wet, hard rope.

"Towards us!" he saluted, and gulped the tumblerful down in a single effort. He wiped that awful straggle of a moustache with the back of a hand. I handed him a cigar; he bit off the end and allowed me to light it; but he wasn't used to cigars and made a mess of it.

"I heard you were aboard this ship," he mumbled round a broken leaf. "Leastways, I wondered——"

"I suppose you've got something to ask for?" said I.

"I was thinking, maybe, you might have an odd vacancy," he replied sombrely. He must have interpreted my lifted eyebrows correctly. He certainly wasn't liner-officer stuff. He broke in: "On deck, I meant, Mister—sir. They don't seem anxious to find jobs for old shellbacks like myself, now the windjammers are driven off deep water. We're back-numbers. Able seaman is about the best that's offering—and such jobs aren't easy to come by. I do know my stuff—you can vouch for that, I reckon." Ten years had aged him almost out of recognition. There was a lot of white in his hair; the corrugations of his forehead were deeper. Yes, he was an oldish man. I filled him another tumbler of the honest whisky, and he smacked his lips.

"Good stuff, that, Mister," said he. "The kind the skipper of the *Lorelei* kept tight on that time off Cape Horn." His sneer was even more sardonic than I remembered.

It reminded me so clearly of our purgatory that I asked on impulse

"Tell me, Mr. Perkins, why were you such a savage to us that voyage?" He drank down the heeltap before he put down the glass, and he wiped his awful moustache again.

"Well," he husked, "I had to keep my job, hadn't I?"

"If you'd tried kindness——" I suggested.

"Kindness? Kindness nothing! I wanted a good discharge; and if I'd worn velvet gloves with that crowd of scrimshankers, the ship would never have made port. It was the skipper, the mealy-mouthed skipper, who kept me at it, saying there'd be no good discharge for me unless I hazed the crew silly. Captain Hawkes jumped overboard among the sharks next voyage, as maybe you heard. D.T.'s, yes." He pondered for a while, swinging the bowler between his shabby knees.

"Surely ordinary decent treatment would have satisfied Captain Hawkes?" I ventured.

"Likely—oh, yes, likely. But you don't know what it is to be scared of losing your job on account of a bad discharge. You see——" the good whisky was unlimbering a sluggish tongue——"I had obligations. There was a kid. No, not mine, worse luck!" I refilled his glass, without any protest from Mr. Perkins.

"Girl I knew—girl I was sweet on," he went on, though every word seemed to be dragged from him by torture. "I hoped to marry her, once I got a command of my own. But when I got back from a two-year voyage, I found she hadn't managed to wait—some other bloke had got there first. I'd have given her decent marriage. This swab thought different. So—she died; and she left this kid, that might have been mine. It was the keeping of the little bye-blow that made me want to hang on to my job. After all, she was Sue Blakeley's daughter. But she's self-supporting now; she'll be marrying in a dog-watch or two. I kept her straight out of my earnings."

He stood up, and set down his glass.

"Forget it," he said. "It's your whisky makes me talk sentimental, maybe. And—did the way I dished it out to you do you any real harm?" I remembered that second mate's examination I'd passed so successfully. The seamanship questions all had dealt with the handling of a dismasted ship off Cape Horn.

"About a job——" I said.

"I'd be thankful for a chance to sign-on as a deckhand," he replied.

"How about signing as bosun?" I asked. "That's the best I can offer. They don't take on deck-officers at your age. But this ship needs a decent bosun—that'd make her the smartest ship on the Western Ocean. The berth's yours for the taking, Mr. Perkins."

"Well, may I be good and damned!" he blurted. Then he wiped his hand on his pants and shoved it forward.

That was a bargain I've never regretted.

END

Waste Not, Want Not . . .

Old slogans never die, this one particularly. The Defence Programme necessitates a target of 1,200,000 tons of waste paper salvage this year unless we are to carry our parcels unwrapped again, queue for things again in short supply for lack of cartons. Don't risk it. Save every scrap of paper for salvage.

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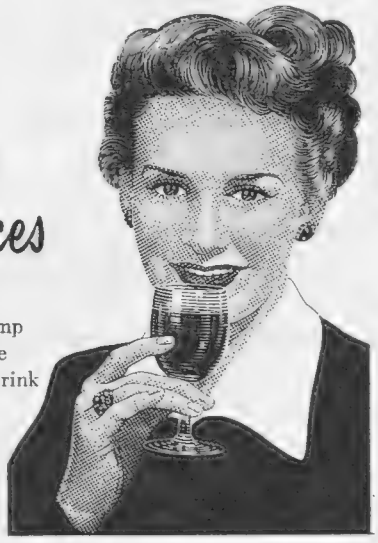

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Café In The Clouds

(*Continued from page* 19)

to-morrow and we'll see what can be done."

"Wait a minute," shouted Jonathan, snatching his overcoat from behind the door. "I'm coming with you."

P.C. Thomas was amazed. Although Jonathan was an expert climber, the villagers never called on him to join the frequent search parties which went seeking lost climbers on the mountain. It was tacitly understood that he was too bitter to care about other people's concerns.

Jonathan, for his part, was hoping that once the plane had been found, the policeman might be persuaded to visit the squatter and lay down the law.

Doctor Bannister was the last to join the rescue party, and he fell in step beside Jonathan. "Better stick with you," he joked. "I'm a poor climber and I haven't been up the mountain for a year or more." Jonathan grunted in reply. He had told no one but the policeman of his problems and he didn't want to get too friendly with anyone.

FOR hours they toiled up the slopes, and it was not surprising that the lead fell to Jonathan, who knew all the gullies and the ways of the streams. By midnight they had worked their way round to the far side of Dark Mountain where the rocky ledges above deep gorges made for dangerous and slow progress. While Jonathan, his eyes glued to the rocks, guided the party along the ledges, P.C. Thomas spotted the fire.

"There they are, there they are," he shouted in excitement, and half a mile below, they saw the glow of a fire against the rocks.

There was quite a cheer when the plane passengers heard the rescue party and in a short time Jonathan had guided them to the wreckage.

"Well I never," laughed Dr. Bannister when he began his examination of the wounded, for their arms were in slings of green gingham, and the pilot, whose head had been badly cut, wore a skull cap of soft material from which a border of feminine lace was peeping.

But the passengers, all eighteen of whom were safe, had nothing but praise for their nurse. "She was upon us almost before we had got ourselves out of the wreckage," said one woman, "and in no time we had hot coffee and a wood fire to warm us. She'll be back in a minute," she added. "She's gone to a stream for some water."

Unable to understand what they were talking about, the doctor busied himself undoing the improvised bandages and replacing them with ones from his first aid kit.

Jonathan stood by, silently. He could never look on disaster without recalling his private tragedy, and the sight of wounded people with bloodstained bandages filled him with horror.

While he stood there, his fears naked on his face, Catherine came upon him. Gently she put a cup of coffee into his hand, and left him to tend to the passengers.

"So you're the Florence Nightingale, hey?" asked Dr. Bannister. "Well, young lady, you've done a wonderful job of work. If it hadn't been for you, some of these people wouldn't be reaching their destination." Catherine shuffled uneasily, waiting for the next question. "But how come a trained nurse—for you are trained, aren't you?—arrives on the scene so soon after the crash?"

She took his first question. "I was a nurse during the war," she answered, then she looked appealingly at Jonathan, "and right now I'm helping Jonathan to run his café."

There was one second's silence then everyone poured congratulations on the astounded Jonathan.

"So this is why you climb your mountain every day," laughed Dr. Bannister while Catherine looked guiltily on. Jonathan paused a moment, then, reaching out and grabbing her by the shoulders, he kissed her in front of everyone.

"Yes," breathed Jonathan, looking at Catherine. "I'm keeping her locked in my hut on top of the mountain until she decides to marry me."

END

Cap And Mittens

(*Continued from page* 44)

THE CAP

With blue wool, cast on 123 sts. Work the pattern for 5 ins. Cast off 40 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Work on remaining 43 sts. for 4½ ins.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there is only 1 st. left. Fasten off.

Sew the sides of this centre strip to the "cast off 40" edges. Pick up 132 sts. all round face and work in blue stocking st. for 12 rows. Cast off.

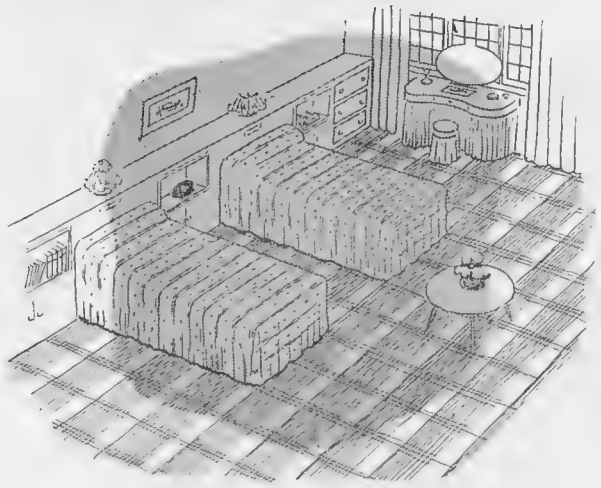
Turn half under to make hem of 6 rows to right side.

THE NECKBAND

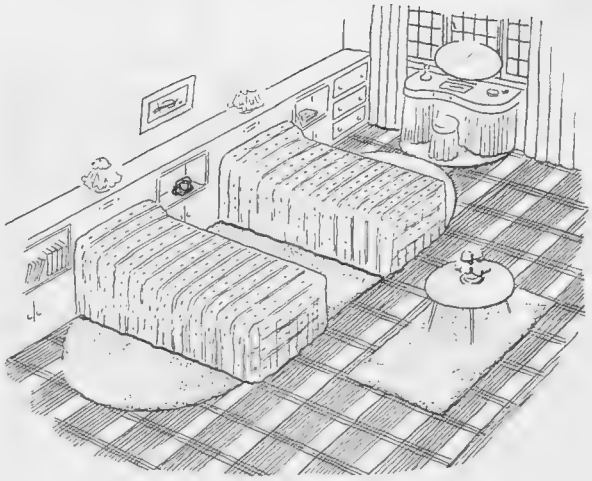
Cast on 16 sts. in blue. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 rows. Now rib 3 st. Cast off 3, rib 4, cast off 3, rib 3. Cast them on in next row. Work 9 ins. rib. Cast off.

Sew to lower edge of hood, gathering the head part, and allowing an inch of band to jut out beyond main part of head at each edge so that this buttons under chin. Sew on buttons.

END



the bedroom



the Bedroom

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Tailored Bedjacket

(*Continued from page* 44)

side of work. This row will form the edge of the cuff.

Work 7 rows stocking st.

Now change to No. 7 needles. Inc. stitches, making 3 sts. out of the first st., double all following sts. to the last st., make 3 sts. out of the last st. (78 sts. on the needle).

Work in pattern as before, until work measures 18 ins.

To shape top of sleeve: Cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

K. 2 tog. at the beginning of 40 rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows, and cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Join side seams, shoulder seams, and sleeve seams.

Turn cuff inwards and stitch down carefully. Insert sleeve.

Work a neckband: With No. 10 needles, pick up 90 sts. at neck edge.

Work 6 rows in stocking st.

Purl 1 row right side of work.

Work 6 more rows in stocking st. Cast off.

Fold neckband inwards and stitch down carefully.

Crochet 2 rows of s.cr. along front edges and stitch ribbon to neckband.

END

Land Of The Great Outdoors

(*Continued from page* 20)

the world. It bridges no rivers, and there is not a tree in sight.

Also straight as an arrow-flight for miles on end is the now almost perfect highway which spans the whole continent from Adelaide to Darwin. Seventy years ago Alice Springs, in the dead centre of the island, was linked by an overland telegraph line with Darwin, and a track of sorts grew up with it for maintenance. As such it remained until the Japanese threat to Northern Territory made a direct road and rail artery through that defenceless region a vital necessity. A short stretch of railway already existed, and a line now runs continuously from Adelaide to Alice Springs, and from Birdum to Darwin; but the conversion of the 1,000 miles of old trail from Alice Springs to Darwin, and the building of a new road to link the former with Adelaide (another 1,000 miles to the south) represented a feat paralleled only by the Alaska Highway and the transcontinental across Canada.

ON the journey eastward one travels halfway through South Australia before exchanging the desert for the broad, sweeping plains and low hills that graze Australia's huge cattle population and still vaster herds of merino sheep.

The sheep of the Commonwealth are an astronomical story; 120 million of them produce almost a quarter of the world's annual wool clip—about 1,150 million pounds—quite aside from the mutton involved. East and north of Adelaide, particularly about the Murray River, the scene is transformed into a spacious countryside of irrigated semi-tropical green which supports hundreds of acres of grape vines, citrus and orange groves. Once semi-desert, land in these parts could be bought for 5s. an acre. Its present productivity stands at about £150, in terms of fresh and dried fruits and wines, most of which are exported.

South-east of here are the mining centres of Ballarat and Bendigo whose legendary gold rushes preceded those to Kalgoorlie in the 1890s. Together the Victoria and Western Australia diggings are still producing the bulk of Australia's gold. Life in Sydney typifies that of the other State capitals, but the visitor's impression is of an enormous bridge, a magnificent harbour fringed by sun-glinted buildings, and suburbs that stretch out along the Pacific coast which is indented at intervals by long, sandy inlets. For holiday Sydney goes yachting, bathing or surf-riding, when "lifesavers" keep watch for sharks, for which there are also periodic hunts to keep the inshore seas reasonably free from the swimmers' nightmare.

WEEK-ENDERS often turn inland to the foothills of the Blue Mountains, and, of course, there is beloved cricket, even more a national sport than in England, to which Australia sent her first team—to play at the Oval—in 1868. They were aborigines, and the score-sheet bore such names as Tiger, Twopenny, King Cole and Dick-a-Dick. Of one match the records say that after play the natives treated the spectators to a demonstration of spear-throwing. It was not until ten years later that the M.C.C. welcomed the first white Australian team.

The aborigines are something of a problem to the Australian authorities. There were about 300,000 when the whites arrived in 1788, but this number has dropped to 50,000, and is still dwindling. The difficulty is that the "black fellows" (*Continued on page* 85)

rayon

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too easily fall victim to modern diseases and do **not** normally welcome health or social measures designed for their benefit. Probably the happiest are those who are still living in the wild state, largely in Northern Territory, where in isolation they can do as they like and keep up their old tribal customs.

The run up the coast of New South Wales is a panorama of forest and coastal scenery which must fascinate a traveller from anywhere.

He would be even more pleased with Queensland, particularly the wonderland in its northern parts where the tropical jungle reaches down to the sea, koala bears chew gum leaves in the tree-tops and the lyre-bird does his astonishing stuff, imitating all other birds, and most forest sounds as well. Here are Australia's highest mountains where in places racing rivers have torn great gorges in the forest-clad slopes on their way to the Coral Sea.

Off these northern shores are the rich pearl fisheries which used to be carried on largely by Japanese "tenants." It was said that some of these, by great industry and skill, would earn vast fortunes in a matter of months. And there is one cruel reef in the Torres Strait fisheries which by repute wrecked in thirty-five years thirty vessels of one name alone—*The Endeavour*.

ROUND the corner is Australia's proud showpiece, which is one of the wonders of the world, the Great Barrier Reef—80,000 square miles of reefs, shoals and palm-shaded islets mostly of coral rock and extending almost the whole length of the Queensland coast. It is a paradise for tourists and naturalists alike because large areas are exposed. From a distance no sea is of more heavenly blue; on closer study its floor is seen to be of white coral which reflects surface-wards every known colour through the prism of the water. And the whole range of sea life is of a type and loveliness not to be seen in any other sea. Even codfish that swim there are touched up by Nature to suit the rich colourings of the Coral Kingdom, being scarlet with bright blue spots.

So truly a land of the great outdoors, nevertheless, over half of Australia's people live in her towns and cities. This means that even though the Commonwealth's life-blood is in her sheep, her cattle, wheat, forests and orchards, she has for some years been developing other industries which are normally sited in or near town. For example, before the war Australia made no motor vehicles; now she is turning out more than 20,000 a year. In all, there are 10,000 more factories and 200,000 more workers than ten years ago.

During the war Australian generosity to the old country from her larder of good things vied with that of America, whose increasing commercial and defensive associations with the Commonwealth are thought by some to be undermining Australian ties with the mother-land.

Certainly Australia now finds it expedient to use her geographical position to combine the best in the American way of life with the best in the British, which she has inherited. But it is also true that 97 per cent of her people are of British stock, and that immigration is mainly from the mother country. She is thus linked as strongly as ever by heritage with Britain, which every Australian still speaks of as "home." Patently, no grounds exist for imagining there is any renunciation of these ties; and a Royal visit would strengthen them.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 32)

the Gardens. A proud production, both for home and export.

For a strategically vital, friendly country, we don't hear too much about Turkey, and so far it is not quite on the European holiday map. Bernard Newman gives a first-hand informative cross-section of "life, aims and ideas" to date in **"Turkish Crossroads"** (Hale, 18s.). It has made rapid strides towards democracy, he says, and is the most stable country in the Middle East. Its greatest needs are roads, machinery, technicians, above all twenty years of peace —which is why it spends forty per cent of revenue on defence. Essentially a journalist's book, but a good one.

OLIVE PHILLIPS'S **"Monmouthshire"** (Hale, 15s.) is also good, though shorter than most in this admirable County series with its excellent bled-off photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS and old prints enhance the appeal of a circus quarto, **"The Sawdust Ring"** (Odhams, 13s. 6d.), though the story, by Rupert Croft-Cooke and W. S. Meadmore, is just as vivid. They tell, with apt anecdote, the history, beginning with the eighteenth-century "father of the circus," riding-master Astley, who would grumble: "Any fool can handle a fiddle, but it takes a man to manage a horse. Yet I have to pay a fellow who plays upon one fiddle as much salary as a man who rides upon three horses." An obvious choice for Xmas.

I DOUBT if Brighton feels flattered at the type of novel it inspires, apart from romantic ones about the Regency. Grahame Greene's *Brighton Rock* was not exactly the sweet kind they sell in the shops. Patrick Hamilton's **"The West Pier"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.) would seem to lead to worse things than slot machines and "What the Butler Saw." In effect, to young Gorse, a cool, calculating Romeo on the prowl for skirt, who meets attractive but too-trusting Esther and bilks her of her savings. Nothing hypnotic about him: "all he did was to use common sense and take the greatest pains in a particular field of activity in which he was naturally gifted." At the end his field extends to London, and we are to hear more of him. Brighton will be glad to see the back of him, but not the reader. (*Continued on page* 86)

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ANOTHER novel in the spare, direct style of a strictly functional building is Winston Clewes's **"Men at Work"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), about a modern factory bossed by a chairman who believes in works councils and welfare schemes and is, therefore, shocked by a strike. A daughter in love with an employee and a lower-grade man promoted into management complicate a situation which leaves them all in the end wondering what on earth the strike was about, which we often wonder these days. A clever study with the straight-from-life touch.

JEAN-JACQUES GAUTIER'S **"Triple Mirror"** (Barker, 9s. 6d.) is direct, too, though psychologically deeper. It is another Story of a Crime. An abnormal young Parisian kills his wife, and the girl's mother—a sort of vampirish Madame Bovary—is so fanatically vengeful that the journalist narrator gets her to explain why. There is a different angle on the drama, from another daughter, which deepens the problem. I found this absorbing in Mervyn Savill's translation because it probes the roots of sex, the enigma of woman.

NOTHING could be more in contrast than **"Argo"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) by the eminent Greek writer George Theotokas: a spacious story of a Professor of Law and his three sons—one a poet whose fame qualifies him for a statue—in an Athens turbulently reacting to the 1922 Smyrna débâcle. Politics, ideals, love, frustrated ambition weave the plot against a background of pepper trees, white houses, and blue Aegean. Having served in Greece, I was engrossed by this highly intelligent, well-wrought novel in a smooth translation which catches its pervasive beauty.

MANY this Christmas, I imagine, will be buying Francis, Cardinal Spellman's **"The Foundling"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), for it is about a waif found in a Christmas crib and abounds in Dickensian kindness and charity. Young Peter, brought up in a Catholic Home, develops a passion for music and promises Sister Crescentia, just before she dies, that he will complete her unfinished symphony. The star of Bethlehem shines on New York in this devout story, whose royalties are to go to charities.

"WHAT Alfred? Oh-h! Alfred and the Cakes! I'm afraid that's all we know about him." It was these words of friends that set Patry Williams looking into the life and times of Alfred the Great which he novelizes as **"Alfred the King"** (Faber, 15s.) in a lusty, forthright English that fits the subject well.

ALFRED is far away, long ago, legendary. But Shelley, Harriet, Mary Godwin? Novelize them, with lashings of imaginary dialogue, and you tread—warily, we trust—the path of genius. Nerina Shute sees him through the eyes of his two wives as **"Poet Pursued"** (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.) after the "fatal error" of deserting Harriet in a manner that seemed unkind, though he believed it to be right. An interesting approach; but haven't you to be something of a Shelley to make Shelley think and talk like Shelley? Miss Shute has the temerity to try!

WHEN a brother, Wizard Spitfire Type, tells an attractive sister: "Why don't you get married again? . . . Comes under the Sub-Head 21 A: Essential Raw Materials, non-utilization of . . ." obviously it's up to her. But he doesn't expect her to fall for a gay actor-waster-type, already married, who lands him in a forgery tangle the wrong side of the law. Ellen does that in Warren Tute's **"Lady in Thin Armour"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) but comes out tops, having a woman's faith even in a bad boy. A bright, human, notably written novel which has my eager blessing—and thanks. Next, please, Mr. Tute!

Other books recommended for the attention of readers:

FICTION

"The Day of the Triffids," by John Wyndham (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)
"Custodian of Ghosts," by George W. Ogden (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).
"Not By Any Single Man," by Brigid Knight (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).
"The Young Inverey," by John Niven (Faber, 8s. 6d.).
"Middle Heaven," by Mona Gardner (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d.).
"The Gabriel," by William Morum (Boardman, 10s. 6d.).
"The Man of Evil," by Sydney Horler (Arthur Barker, 9s. 6d.).
"Our Doom is Gone," by Richard Harrison (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.).
"The Harp in the South," by Ruth Park (Penguin, 2s. 6d.).
"Before Lunch," by Angela Thirkell (Penguin, 2s. 6d.).
"Jan and His Clogs," by Antonia Ridge and Barbara C. Freeman (Faber, 6s.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Our Friend the Boxer," Edited by Rowland Johns (Methuen, 4s.).
"Contemporary British Art," by Herbert Read (Pelican, 3s. 6d.).
"The Herb Garden," by Mary Thorne Quelch (Faber, 12s. 6d.).
"Clerihews Complete," by E. C. Bentley (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.).
"Musical Games for Infants," by M. A. Jarvis (Faber, 8s. 6d.).
"The London Book," by Francis Marshall (Seeley, Service, 25s.).

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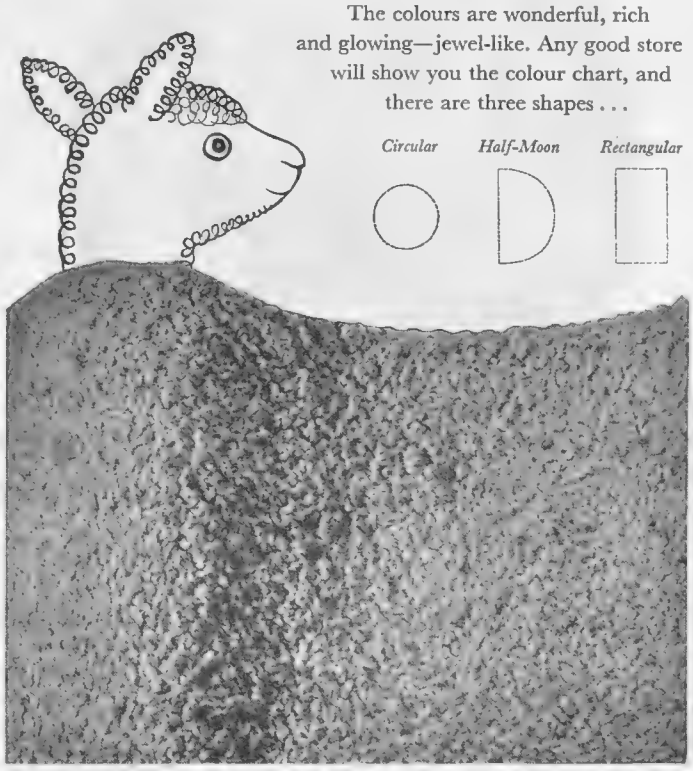

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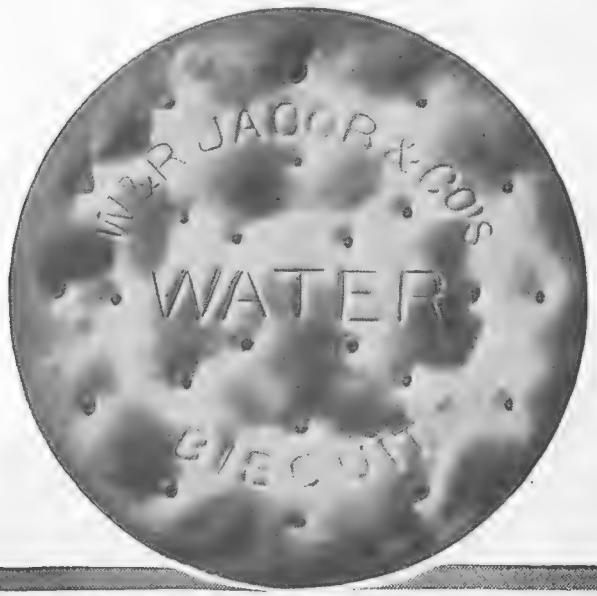

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When Private Eyes Are Working

(*Continued from page* 16

the United States Narcotics Squad, *headed by a woman*, and charged with running a nation-wide drug peddling organization. Police say that the men had built up a £500,000-a-year business."

Just think of the innovation that means. To the best of my knowledge, Scotland Yard and the Sûreté Générale make nothing like such use of the few women detectives they employ. In New York, however, police headquarters have evidently bowed to the claims of women, as thorough-going detectives, consequent on the successes they have achieved while working for such world-famed agencies as Pinkerton's and Burns, each of which has several hundred women on its payroll.

Says Raymond Burns: "Woman's intuition is unbeatable and her powers of observation very keen. She can trap a woman suspect much better than a male operator. She lulls the suspicions of male suspects, who rarely expect to be shadowed by a woman."

Says a director of Pinkerton's (which employs feminine "private eyes" in thirty of its offices): "Women are indispensable in many cases. Their general aptitude for detective work is not second to any man's."

Russia being, alas, seldom for long absent from our thoughts, I wondered what might be the position in that land of bolted secrecy, where half of all professional people are female. The following, taken from a study of Soviet women in the *United Nations World*, may give a clue:

"Another unique Soviet institution is the confidential typist. Most industrial offices must by law keep their routine production secret. Special women are chosen to type up the secrets, but they often get too excited about their confidential knowledge. One Soviet official became so desperate about information leaks that he finally marked all his secret documents 'unclassified' (not secret) and unimportant papers 'top secret.' The ruse was eminently successful."

That hardly suggests Russian women soaring as "private eyes." A poker-faced silence when acting as the repository of exciting secrets would seem to be beyond them, although there is every indication that countless Red women are used to snoop on, and trail, the ordinary citizenry.

By contrast, I wonder if a notable utterance of Field Marshal Slim's has been in any way responsible for the tendency to have more recourse to feminine "private eyes" in England. Said the Chief of the Imperial General Staff some eighteen months ago: "One thing I did learn in the war is that Servicewomen keep secrets much better than men."

It sets one to thinking of that *élite* feminine company of secretaries and stenographers which used to be airborne to top secret conferences, as to Casablanca in 1943, and in point of fact I have heard that ex-Service girls and former military hospital nurses are among those currently operating as "private eyes" in London and other big cities. Such women retain the self-discipline, patience and composure which can yield more than being the possessor of lovely (private) eyes. These serve well on special assignments but inconspicuousness serves well all the time.

A SECOND source of supply is traceable to the post-war employment of women as snoopers on behalf of government departments, and as collectors of domestic data at house doors for incorporation in vital statistics ("Does little Effie prefer 'Westerns' to gangster films?"). Intelligent and self-respecting women are apt to grow tired of this sort of work unless they are party fanatics, and if and when they do, what more natural than that they should think of turning their training and special aptitude to private detection?

Opportunities are still very limited, but others to be attracted are housewives of cerebral bent, who need to earn extra money in a part-time job, and well-educated young women who must help maintain the household, where daughters of a bygone day concentrated on matrimonial prospects while being maintained without difficulty by their parents. When an impersonation is required, a self-reliant and independant-minded young woman of the period is a good bet for the rôle.

OVER in the States this angle is being developed with typical American brio.

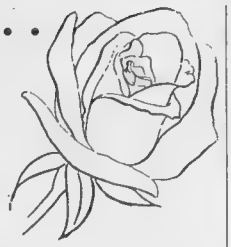
It is one thing to pose as a shopgirl, a secretary or a model, but some histrionic ability will not come amiss when the list is extended to comprise the alcoholic, the dope-fiend and the prostitute. That woman who carried off the drug-ring arrests had to hang around low dives on New York's East Side while pretending to be one or another of the trio.

"One day 'top-drawer' society; the next roping a suspect in a 3 a.m. bar" ran an appreciation. "Roping" means winning the confidence of a suspect. "One evening swathed in mink and dripping with gems (all rented); the next in a waterfront dive in the scary hours."

What the appreciation failed to add was that male operatives usually follow discreetly in case of trouble, this being the more necessary because ladies never carry guns. If they do, and the gun came to be discovered, suspicion would at once fall on them.

FEMININE "private eyes" get busy in two spheres: investigation and undercover work. Women are good as investigators in pouring over account books and checking backgrounds (*Continued on page* 90)

Whatever the Occasion . . .



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The gentle, safe and regular action of 'Mil-Par' has led to its wide recommendation by the Medical Profession and particularly for invalids and convalescents.

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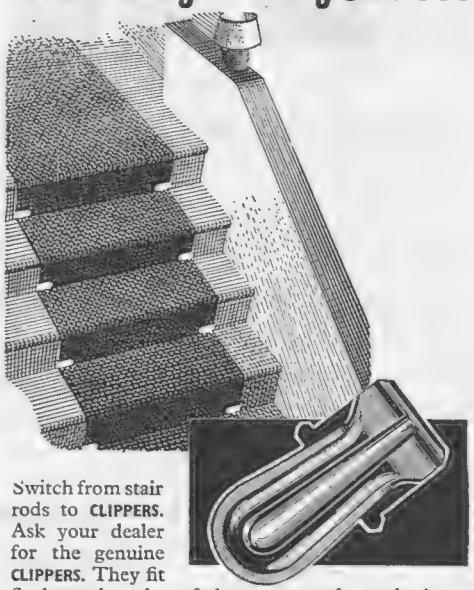

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When horses must walk
In a play or a talk
I tap, molto lento,
Jamaica means rum

When mustangs must canter
I'm ready instanter
To rap, much andanter,
Jamaica means Rum

When they ask for a trotter
I step it up hotter
And wish I'd a totter
Real Jamaica Rum

When they gallop along
I clatter this song:
If you stick to Jamaica
You'll never go wrong

One bottle goes such a very long way with these Jamaica Rum recipes!

★ Rum and Orange ★ Rum and dash of Angostura ★ Rum and Ginger Ale
★ Rum and Lime ★ Rum toddy, hot, with lemon, sugar and cloves
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Look for **JAMAICA** on the bottle

It's wonderful what ***JAMAICA RUM*** *will do!*

in, say, embezzlement and "con" cases. It usually means making their identities known to certain persons. A recent success in Paris illustrates this. A French woman sleuth secured the friendship of a snooty governess suspected of passing from one post to another in order to report on the extent of the valuables owned by successive employers. The way out proved to be to discover where the governess banked her profits. But the lulling and the auditing took several weeks.

Feminine "private eyes" have also come into their own for lynx-eyed observation at Paris fashion shows, and for the like at Riviera glitter parties. It was a woman who noted, trailed and had apprehended, a fashion expert who, admitted to a preview, used the occasion to prepare copies of new creations for a rush sale in South America. Again, a woman detective is coming to be a steady on the guest lists of Riviera parties, when all the "ice" and precious stones are on parade.

Are outside "cat" burglars always responsible for their loss? Is it possible that the staff, even fellow-guests, must be watched? The presence of Mlle. Private Eyes supplies the answer.

Undercover agents are apt to operate sometimes on the borderland of crime and that is a tricky business in this country. Private detectives prefer to confine themselves to what is called "domestic business," which embraces an assortment of human frailties and activities but not cases likely to lead to a criminal prosecution. Only after police measures have failed, or are stillborn, may private "dicks" consider intervening, and when they do, it's the male.

Not that women are passed over for undercover work. They can operate just as well as men, as "tails," watching with whom people consort—maybe to establish character or honesty, or in search of divorce evidence. In fact there is a firm future for women in the lighter forms of undercover work, such as keeping "private eyes" peeled for the light-fingered, and at weddings, balls, fashion and jewellery shows.

Apropos, I recollect a picture in the papers some while ago, showing a woman detective at one of these parties. That's dreadful. Identities must never be revealed in undercover work, and no testimony ever given in court if it can be avoided. When it gets about who agents are, and what they are doing, they lose most of their usefulness.

Another thing that needs to be borne in mind by would-be undercover girls is that subdued clothes, no extra hair-dos, and ordinary make-up are *de rigueur* on surveillance work. Promising recruits are even taught to rid themselves of unusual mannerisms and to tone down striking accents.

THAT women are good where other women are concerned, as clients, is a fair augury for feminine "private eyes" in London, where middle-aged women contribute most to keeping the private detective in business. Overwrought, or feeling the pangs of lost appeal, women at the dangerous age and after lay their suspicions and apprehensions on the counter, so to speak. It is sometimes really a psychiatrist's job, yet if a clever and sympathetic "private eyes" can achieve the same effect by humouring her own sex and engaging to "tail" this person or the other—why not? The fee may be all of £3 a day and expenses.

At which point Fräulein "Privat Augen" suddenly springs to mind. Why? Because of the very different class of work with which she has to cope. Many would loosely call her a spy, though she isn't really. She's a private inquiry agent. That her inquiries, her shadowing and snooping, usually bear on some aspect of the cold war or the black market, is no more than a reflection of her times. Instead of sleuthing errant husbands, her lot is to operate in the grip of "dark and contending forces." Quite a few of her kind have been among the kidnapped from Vienna.

Commercial espionage is accepted as an outcrop of insensate competition. Comely "private eyes" engage on it in the U.K. with not the faintest risk of prosecution. But when Fräulein "Privat Augen" does the same, she risks being tried as a spy.

America *would* have the last say. Yet it's true she's ahead in this business.

The scene is Miami, where a visiting "Mogul" got trapped by a girl blackmailer. A glamorous "private eyes" was dispatched from New York. Quickly she made friends with the girl, got her syndicate, met its leader. The latter fell for "private eyes" but decided—no, I'll just make use of her as a decoy. But after a moonlight yachting date big boy began to change his mind.

His gang muttered "romance cutting in our spoils." Big boy turned a deaf ear. In fact things grew so torrid that "private eyes" had to make her signal. In swooped the eavesdropping cops to make their pinch, and—fade out "private eyes."

I like, too, the predicament of the "private eyes" who gets dragged by her boy-friend to detective-movies. "They bore me to death but I can't say why."

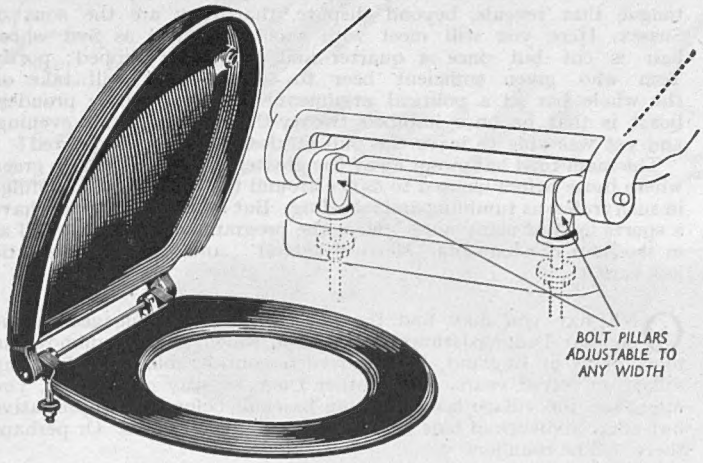
END

Main Road Village

(*Continued from page* 13)

robbed us of our individuality. Our population has become as cosmopolitan as any, but we remain a community—surely every bit as happy and healthy in spirit as any who lived in this village before us.

Our cottage folk still earn their living on the land as have those before them ever since Saxon times, when our enchanting little church, up the winding lane from the main road, was first built. And in our little pub on the way to the church they still meet for their evening beer and darts to swap their yarns in a (*Continued on page* 92)



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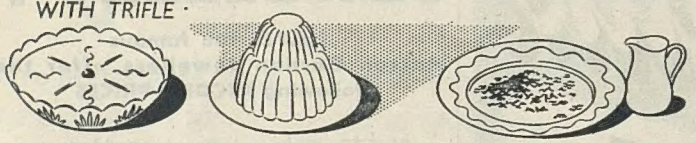

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tongue that reveals, beyond dispute, that they are the sons of Sussex. Here you will meet with such characters as Syd whose hair is cut but once a quarter and then only clipped; portly Tom who, given sufficient beer to sustain him, will take on the whole bar at a political argument; and Les, whose proudest boast is that he once imbibed twenty-three pints of an evening, and yet was able to leave the pub at closing time unsupported!

The main road has swept away the greater part of the village green where those before us used to dance around the maypole, and indulge in such frolics as tumbling and leap-frog. But in its stead we now have a sports field of many acres. Here the programme remains as full as in the days of Chaucer's "Merrie England"; and surely only a little less varied.

ONE day you may find the local Girl Guides engaged in the popular Tudor pastimes of stool-ball which, though unknown in most parts of England, has enjoyed a considerable revival in my village in recent years. Some other time, by way of contrast, you might see the village lasses playing baseball before an appreciative but noisy audience of lads from the farms and nurseries. Or perhaps there will be rounders.

On Saturdays and Sundays throughout the months of summer there is cricket; and in winter football. But even here one never quite knows what to expect. When the local club has not taken the field, our womenfolk may perhaps be seen at the wicket. Or else there may be a match for the choirboys, or a family game where fathers, mothers and sisters are made to do battle with their sons and brothers—not only at cricket—at football, too.

And on this same sports ground we hold a small fair in springtime and a carnival in late summer. At no time is the village gayer than at the carnival. This, they say, surpasses anything that our neighbouring towns can offer. Sharp at 2 p.m., the prettiest girl will be crowned Queen by the chairman of our Parish Council. Whereupon a procession of gaily decorated lorries—the Queen and her maids in the first, followed by a team of Turkish dancers, Father Neptune and his attendants, and many others—works its way through the lanes to the sports field.

Here almost the whole population, it seems, will soon be assembled. In one corner the boys and girls will be taking part in competitive sports; in another the less bashful will be decked in the most ridiculous costumes as competitors in a fancy-dress competition. And in the centre of the ground others in equally comic attire will be taking part in a cricket match where orthodoxy is frowned upon! Meanwhile, to one side of the field, strange noises from cracked and weary gramophone records proclaim that here are the dodgems, swing boats and all the other paraphernalia that are part and parcel of any fair.

But it is not only on the sports field that we find our pleasure in this main road village of mine. We have our village hall and here, like our forebears, we still choose to make our own entertainment, no matter how easily we can visit the cinemas in the towns.

Two of our womenfolk organize frequent "Old Time" dances. These are particularly popular, and from the profits derived from these dances they give donations to various of our other village organizations. Then there are amateur dramatics.

Every year we produce at least two, and very often three, plays, and after giving our local performances in the hall we "go on tour" to an aerodrome, two hospitals, and one or two neighbouring villages. I believe it is no vain boast to say that our reputation is quite widespread in the south. And here I may say that the London business men among our population have helped us to gain that reputation.

ONE of the reasons we are a lively village is that we are not content just to drift along. Our latest venture is to establish a craft centre where men and women, boys and girls, can spend their evenings making really worthwhile articles for market. The idea originated when two or three of us got chatting with our local grocer.

Attracted by the possibilities, we invited others in the village to join us in a private discussion in one of our homes. As soon as the news spread—which never takes long in a village—the critics got into their stride. Such an idea was noble; but it was too ambitious! It could never work! That settled it. We decided to dumbfound the critics.

We held more meetings, appointed a committee, and set to work raising funds by staging whist drives, dances and such like. We converted an old barn into workshops; procured a lathe and looms—the gifts of well-wishers; consulted experts about raw materials; and arranged for regular instruction to be given by qualified craftsmen and women to the many villagers of all ages who have already expressed desire to join the centre.

Now, at the time of writing, we are putting the finishing touches to our plans. By the time this article is in print our centre should be open, and we shall have added bowl-turning, woodwork and traditional weaving to our list of activities.

As I say, village life is still what its people make it. The fact that the village happens to be sited on a main road is beside the point. It can still be very individual, peopled by a happy community who live and work together for the good of that community— as was the case in the past.

END

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